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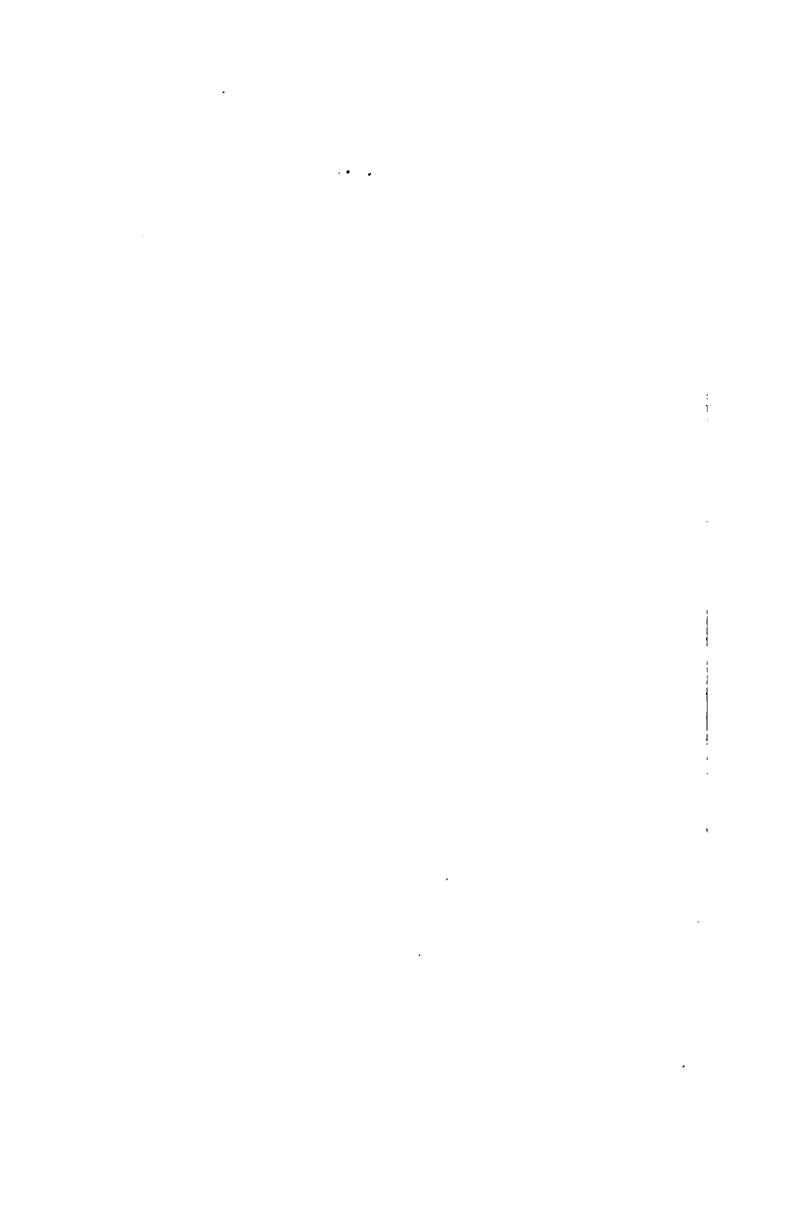


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Simpson







THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL.

CONSISTING OF

ESSAYS,

MISCELLANEOUS, LITERARY AND MORAL:

BY S. SIMPSON.

— *Tentandu via est, quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

VIRGIL.

Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture.

SHAKESPEARE.

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PHILADELPHIA:

MOSES AND SAMUEL THOMAS.

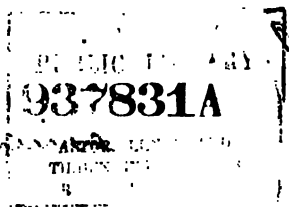
No. 108, Chesnut-st.

1823.



1-2-10-67

2. George Simpson



*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:*

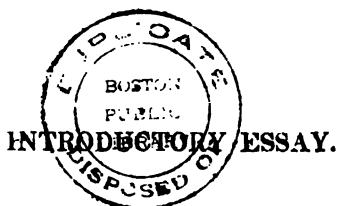
**BE IT REMEMBERED**, that on the eleventh day of December, in the Forty Seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1822, **STEPHEN SIMPSON**, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the Title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Author in the words following; to wit:

**THE AUTHOR'S JEWEL.** Consisting of Essays, Miscellaneous, Literary, and Moral; by S SIMPSON.

In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the Times therein mentioned" And also the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an An Act, entitled, "An act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

**D. CALDWELL.**

*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*



## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus  
Eheu! HORACE.

What doth it cost? Not much, upon my word.  
How much, pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence  
O Lord! CAROL.

“WHAT have we here? A new Periodical writer! Pish! it will never do; there s no end to these eternal imitators! Books! books! books! Essay after Essay, always some speculation, to multiply useless volumes, and keep a set of hungry printers at work. Hum! let us see.—*The Authors Jewel*. The type’s too small. I cant read it without my glasses. There seems to be a conspiracy among the printers against old eyes, or the young are afraid to permit their productions to urdergo the criticism of experienced age.”—Here the old gentleman took off his hat, searched his pocket for his Spectacles, and having arrang- ed them to his satisfaction, across a nose that seemed made for the express purpose of supporting them; he once more opened the

WOR 20 JUN '34

Columbian Observer, in which some of the following Essays had originally been published.—“The Author’s Jewel,” continued he, muttering to himself. A strange title, to be sure. What can an author’s jewel be, but a tattered coat, an empty purse, and a hungry stomach! But let us see! Hum—hum—hum!”

Here the old gentleman’s words died away in an indistinct muttering, as he sat attentively perusing the paper, in a kind of humming and half audible voice. I sat opposite to him, at the other side of the room, and while he was engaged in the perusal of the paper, I took occasion to contemplate his visage; and endeavoured to discover by the indications of his countenance, the qualities of his heart and mind; and after the most mature scrutiny and reflection, set him down for a very liberal, enlightened, and dispassionate critic. Just as I had come to this conclusion, the door opened, and another gentleman entered in some haste and precipitancy; he seized the papers that were scattered about the room, with an air of eager impatience, and was searching them with an *eagle’s eye*, when the Landlord himself ap-

peared.—The gentleman who last entered was a young man of about eight and twenty, and from the appearance of thoughtful care that was seated on his brow, I judged him to be a student, just escaped from his study, and still intent on

“Exploring ev’ry place with curious eyes.”

The Landlord perceiving his eagerness of research, immediately inquired his object, with an offer to assist him. “We have all the papers somewhere here, sir, said the Landlord; which do you desire to see?”

“Mr. Bronze, answered the student, I want to see the last Number of the Author’s Jewel.”—

“I believe I do not take that paper, sir,” answered the Landlord. It is an Essay not a newspaper,” answered the Student.

The old gentleman here looked up, and raising his eyes a little over his glasses to see the person who spoke; he said,—I have just been reading the Essay you are inquiring for. Pray, sir, do you know the author?”

“Not exactly, sir, answered the student. But I have my suspicions.—He is an obscure

man, very little known. Yet, who is the author is a question of no importance. Whoever he is, I shall very soon damn both him and his work. I have followed him up from the first number, and shall publish my criticism in a few months, unless we agree to stifle him in the birth by our silence. A mere pretender. No more Literature, or good writing in it, than in my brother Bob's common-place book."

"Then you do not like it, sir," observed the old gentleman, folding up his spectacles, and replacing them in his pocket.

"Like them, sir," replied the Student, with an stare in which contempt seemed mingled with a consciousness of lofty superiority. "Good heavens! like them! Why, the author, is a mere tyro; a shallow imitator; an inflated rhapsodist; a dull, prosing, ridiculous dolt. He has neither beauty of style, nor justness of sentiment. His arguments are mere declamation; his description is confused and lame; his thoughts are trite and far fetched.—In short, sir, I think him little better than a fool."

The old gentleman smiled; put his cane to his chin, and seemed to meditate.—"I

have heard parson Downright, speak well of them, now I recollect the thing, said the Landlord; and he is accounted a great scholar. The Doctor said, they were *no common productions!*"

"Because they are very *uncommon* bombast," said the Student.—I now arose, and joined the little circle in the middle of the room.

"And what is your opinion," said the old gentleman addressing me? The words were sticking in my throat, but I made an effort to compose myself, and merely replied—"The title seems singular."

"Yes, said the student, it is ridiculously singular, and perfectly of a piece with the whole of the subject matter."

"I think, replied the old gentleman, that you must be prejudiced against the author, or perhaps *envy* him. I have read it with some pleasure. It seems to me to possess solidity, as well as novelty."

"I envy no man, sir, said the Student. I have heard the first literary character in town, condemn this "Author's Jewel," as absolute stuff."

"Then permit me to say, that he is no

judge," answered a sprightly little Beau, who that moment danced into the room. I think the author an original genius; a man of great powers, and rich invention. He has fancy, wit, and who can better paint the 'melting scenes of soft, pathetic woe.'

"Oh yes, paint scenes of misery, till laughter holds both her sides," said the Student, indulging in an immoderate burst of affected mirth, at what he conceived the smartness of his own wit, but in which no one joined him.

"If you will write me fifty numbers, said the old gentleman, addressing the Student, possessing an equal degree of merit, to this, I will pay you handsomely for the copy-right. But I do not exactly understand the title."

"I have the first number in my pocket, said the Beau, which explains it. Permit me to read it."—Here he cleared his throat in a very audible and Orator-like style; pulled up his cravat on each side, and putting his left hand in his breeches-pocket, like a modest lawyer at the bar, he read as follows.

Thou precious Jewel of th' o'erteeming head,  
Hence to the world to be by Sages read!  
Fling o'er the Age thy renovating beam,  
And in refulgent splendour move unseen;

Go ! little book, but ah ! of ill beware ;—  
Please all alike—the dull, the wise, the fair  
Till Time enamoured of thy lucid flame,  
Shall waft thy—*Nothings* to immortal Fame.

“ A AM about to dedicate this paper to the *Age We Live in*. It is said to be a Literary Age. I am sorry for it, having the less chance of success ; and if I am suddenly carried off by the paroxysms of fancy or genius, which I am always in danger of, for I have no dread of the gangrene of Dulness ; why I shall be left to rot without interment, (the death of a Literary Adventurer being too common an occurrence to attract attention !) like a man in the plague, or yellow fever. I shall ascend to the Grocer’s or Trunk-maker’s Heaven, without exciting one sigh of sorrow, one tear of affection, and without giving birth to a solitary Elegy to console me for my dissolution. Heavy affliction ! thus to sink into oblivion in unsung silence. This is a hard fate but it is the fate incident to a Literary age. Yet the present is said to be the grand era of Feeling, Sentiment, Science, and Philanthropy ; and we shall certainly not dispute one syllable of all the *pretty things* which the Age is disposed to say of itself ; especial-



ly as we constitute an atom of it, and must share in its virtues and—*renown*! But to the point—the Present Age has stepped forth upon the proscenium of History, and proclaimed to the generations of *After times*, (with great modesty, to be sure!) “I am the most Feeling, the most Philanthropic, the most Religious, the most Scientific, the most Polite, and the most Literary Age, that ever did or ever can exist!”

To this eulogy of Self on its superiority over the rest of the world, we can only respond Amen! And humbly address ourselves accordingly,

*To the most Feeling, Philanthropic, and Literary Age that ever existed.*

**MOST GENTLE AGE,**

I, thy unworthy slave, here present at the footstool of thy ineffable perfection, the “*Author’s Jewel*,” the only diamond, or precious stone, that abounds in the trackless wilds of the Northern Continent of America. This Jewel is generally found very prominent, like the Unicorn’s horn, in the heads of vain authors, or insane poets. Of the lus-

tre and value of that which I here present to thee, Thou ! Oh Age of Wisdom ! art the best Judge. Whether it is destined to enrich the heads of beaux, or add to the beauty of belles ;—whether it is a fish of the fowl species or a fowl of the fish kind, clammy or coral ; remains for time, Dr. Mitchell, and experience to decide. Of the approbation of philosophers, cognoscenti, or virtuosos, the Author's Jewel would always feel extremely proud ; and to find a snug little corner, in their cabinets of *precious stones*, would at once crown him with the glory of being cherished, and he would die contented, assured of the immortality—of privacy and dust.

The jewel of the soul hath been wisely declared to be —Virtue. The jewel of a woman—Chastity. The Jewel of an Author is his—*Book* ! Whether, therefore, Oh most enlightened age, thou shouldst esteem this little tome as precious, or otherwise, is a matter of no moment—as it regards the *title* thereof—it is still the *Author's Jewel*. If it possess no lustre, it cannot adorn with effulgence, the high Altar of thy Perfection. If it should shine feebly, let no man dim it by

the noxious breath of Criticism, for which, Oh most philanthropic age, thou art so much distinguished ! A perfection the more resplendent and wonderful, when we reflect, that according to the best authorities, including *Tristram Shandy* and the *Dean of St. Patricks* of old, it takes nine Critics and a Tom-Cat to make *one author*."

"Thine, Oh most Literary, Poetic, and  
Perfect Age—till Death,

A LITERARY ADVENTURER."

"And now, Mr. Critic, said the little Beau with a look of contempt directed towards the Student, what do you think of "*The Authors Jewel*," after that ? Don't you think, he know's something of Writing, as well as Literature ?"

My opinion of his want of merit, is rather confirmed than shaken by this farrago of nonsense, said the Student. You have read, what I suppose you think a Defence of this writer, for I will not honour him by the title of *Author*. Now, if you will permit me, I will read a little critique written by the first Literary Character of this country upon this frivolous production." He then opened a beautiful morocco pocket book, studded

with turtle shell, which he remarked, " was a present from the Spanish Ambassador ;" and unfolding a half sheet of gilt letter paper, he read in an under tone of voice, or distinct whisper, the following brilliant effusion of eloquence.

" In the complicated involutions of human destiny, we have often cause to deplore apparent blessings as real calamities ; and while we freely admit, the salutary influence of diffusive education, we cannot but regret the corruptions, which it so frequently induces in Literature and composition ; causing the ignorant and the superficial, to burthen the press with the crudest effusions of an overheated fancy, and pushing on inflated mediocrity to a fruitless competition with inspired genius. I have beheld with the most painful emotions, the augmented spread of this Literary Verbiage, within a recent period ; and surely no rational mind can be a friend to Liberty, when it contemplates the fungust-harvest, to which it gives birth in the Belles-Lettres. If I wanted to cite a strong example of this *upstart race* of authors, in order to disgust the classical reader with the *vulgarity of Republican composition*, I

would instance a series of papers, that have lately appeared, under the absurd title of "The Author's Jewel." It is evident that the writer of those papers, is a fungus of the kind above alluded to, and as wretchedly deficient in taste, as he is ignorant of the structure of composition, and incapable of the beauties of style. I am decidedly of opinion, that the public should frown with discouragement, upon this new race of ephemeral writers, and erect a secure barrier against the innovations of ignorance, and the corruption of our literary taste. This opinion, I should have long since published to the world, but that ignorance, is always inflated to arrogance, by notoriety, and the most insignificant, will flatter themselves with the idea of importance, if they are publicly noticed, only to be condemned. I recommend *private* discouragement, and that all *public mention* of the work, should be studiously avoided."

The Student replaced the MS in his pocket book. The old gentleman appeared very restive; he shouldered his cane, then brought it down with great violence to the floor—but said nothing. I felt like a man undergoing the tortures of strangulation. I said nothing.

The little Beau seemed thunder-struck. The Student's countenance beamed in the exulting smiles of a victorious hero, striding over his prostrate enemies, and

"Dazzling the Moon"

At length the old gentleman exclaimed,

"O pudor ! O pietas !"

"I understand you, said the Student.— You do not agree with me !"

"I hope not," answered my old friend, for such, I could not now help estimating him.— "But on one condition, I will believe all you choose to dictate, and that is, that you or your critical friend shall Write a similar work."

"A similar work—to what ?" said a little man dressed in black, who now came up to us without our perceiving he had entered the room. From the air of importance which he put on, I immediately set him down in my mind, for an author ; and began to quake like Macbeth at the endless spectres that in the witches cave flitted before him, and was almost tempted to exclaim with him—

—"A third—"

—"A fourth.—"

—"A seventh ? I'll see no more :

—"And yet the eight appears."

"A work, similar to "The Author's Jewel," repeated the old gentleman: "That would be a difficult task, answered *the Author*. But I could produce one infinitely better.—I have been an author for twenty years!"—

Here the door of the room was violently burst open, and several persons rushed in, at the same moment that a general cry of fire! fire! sounded in my ears like the knell of Criticism, and overpowered all my faculties.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

In plain prose, the shock was too great for my feeble nerves, and I actually fell into a swoon, in which I remained a considerable time. When I recovered, I found myself on a sofa ; and looking round, the first person I saw, was the *old gentleman*, who had stood my friend, among the Critics and who intimated to me that he had been made acquainted with my being the author of the work that had caused so much discussion. I now learned that his name was *Liberality*—"old *Frank Liberality*," as some of his friends familiarly

called him.—The first words I uttered, were—“ *Shall I publish ?*” while I directed a scrutinizing glance towards the old gentleman.—He smiled, and answered, “ By all means ; but you must expect to meet with even more severe censure, than that you have just heard. Those who read for the purpose of Criticism, will condemn your book ! those who read for amusement, or pass time, will applaud and like it. Affectation will view it with contempt ;—Envy will regard it with malignity ; Justice will pardon its faults in consideration of its virtues ; and even if you do not arrive at the triumph of popularity, you will always have the consolation of not being despised.—One circumstance *is strongly against you*. Your book is emphatically *a Native American*. The patriotism of the sentiments will not recommend it, for you know, we patronise and applaud, not according to merit, but Nativity, provided the book be not *American*. Your motto must therefore be, as Virgil says,

“ *Spes incerta futuri.*”





THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER I.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

Oh ! let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong  
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead;  
Let thy abused honour cry as long  
As there be quills to write, or eyes to read ;  
On his rank name let thine own notes be turn'd.  
*Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd*  
*Alive, or dead, be never of a Muse adorn'd !*

SPENCER.

It is too frequently the fate of genius, when impelled by the lust of fame to meditate on the means of its fruition, to be suddenly checked in its fancied career of glory, by recollecting the failures, that have followed the exertions of their predecessors, in every track of polite learning ; even when they have been transcendently endowed by nature ; and amply enriched by instruction. Among the follies, of which every writer sometime discovers himself to be guilty, that of revolving in his mind, the various means of immortality may be distinguished as giving birth to projects and enterprises, which for a moment, impart the glow of ecstasy to the soul, only to leave it to the darkness of sorrow and

despondency. It seldom happens, that disappointment does not follow expectation, so much does fancied excellence, or success, always outrun reality and performance. No sooner does judgment fix upon a subject for composition, than memory chills and startles the fancy, by some recollection of failure in the same enterprise, even when a powerful genius, and exhaustless knowledge, gave an emphatic promise of success. Accident and misfortune, ever vigilant to produce mis-carriages, cross us at every step, in defiance of precaution, perspicacity or genius. As an Eagle, who from afar should direct his flight to the towering summits of the Andes, may be encountered in his passage by a resistless tempest, and driven, in spite of his exertions; into the jaws of the cavern, which yawns below !

In no department of polite letters, does this liability to mis-carriage, in defiance of genius, appear so remarkable, as in Epic Poetry : and exhibit in such glowing colours the immeasurable distance between the lust of Fame, and the difficulty of its fruition. Of those who have completely succeeded, in this path, the number is so small, when compared with those who have failed, that it will strike terror and dismay, into the most impassioned Adventurer. Nothing is so well calculated, to allay the vanity of authors, as this singular abortiveness of the best devised plans, prosecuted by the most powerful intellect.

If we admit that two Epic Poets, have risen to universal fame, in the Greek and Roman worlds : and an equal number in modern times, we shall per-

haps be nearer the truth, and freer from prejudice, than if we were less rigorous in our estimation of their celebrity.—Homer and Virgil, were peculiarly the Poets of the People, in whose language they wrote, whose manners they pourtrayed, and whose glories they celebrated. So likewise was Milton though in a less degree, to the English; and Tasso, on an ampler scale, to the Italians. These are Poets of the heroic verse, who are confined to no class of readers; but all who read, read them!—

It is by this criterion of universal reception and applause, that I would decide the success, and measure the portion of Fame, which an Epic Poet extorts from mankind; and a better rule of judgement I am not aware of; for when we consider the comparative obscurity, into which all others have fallen, who have been endowed with all the divine fire peculiar to the Epic Bard, we shall perceive at once, the justness of the criterion. That they may be applauded equally, in the closet, by men of taste and erudition, that they may be equal in excellence, to those more renowned, is not disputed; but this affects not the question of Fame, which lies not in corners, colleges, and libraries, but in the world, among all classes, and every people,

Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,  
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue.

We feel no desire to disparage those sublime Poets, whom we except from this expansive glory. On the contrary, we applaud their works venerate their genius, and lament their miscarriage. Their deficiency was not in their genius, but the unfortunate

choice of their subjects Who, for example, can peruse the *Pharsalia* of Lucan, and deny him the attributes, that inspire and ennoble the fancy of the Epic Bard? Yet how few, even of the Romans, cherished the recollection of the factions of Cæsar. And how much less a number, down even to existing times, are qualified to appreciate the genius, and virtues of Pompey?—The reason of the neglect of Lucan, is, that his subject is not of universal interest. All the Latin poets, inferior to him, must be embraced in the same remark; for they all failed to acquire glory proportioned to their lust of fame

Ariosto, notwithstanding the brilliance of his genius, has likewise failed in the same object, if indeed, he can strictly be considered as an Epic Poet. Yet who reads his tales without rapture, who dwells on his romance, without fascination? who rises from his perusal, and does not forever cherish the delightful recollection of his beauties?—Yet how limited is the renown of Ariosto; how few read him, to bestow on his genius the overflowing rapture of enthusiastic applause!

Dante shares a fate not more auspicious or happy. His works are alone confined to the hands of scholars, out of his native clime! But what production of the human fancy, can surpass his *Inferno*.—Where shall we look for richer poetry, or more inspired genius?—

Camoens, the Epic Bard of Portugal, has been doomed to the same comparative insignificance and obscurity. His genius was competent to all that

imagination can conceive ; and his subject, the Discovery of the East, and the progress of commerce, was one of universal interest ; at once appealing to the strongest sentiment, and strongest passion in the human breast, avarice and curiosity. Where, however, shall we look for its celebrity : where listen to the echoes of his applauses ? His *Lusiad* slumbers undisturbed in the closets of the learned ; and few perceive those beauties, which upon acquaintance, would ravish them with pleasure, and transport them with admiration !—His episode of the Island of Venus, is equal in sweetness and fire, to the muse of Ovid, and in chastity, to that of Thompson.

To Camoens, we may add another striking example of abortive fame, in the fate of Voltaire's *Henriad* ; which though abounding in sentiments and maxims, congenial to every condition ; which has for its hero the first Military and patriotic Monarch of modern times ; and was indubitably the work of the first dramatic poet of that age, has notwithstanding, been unanimously rejected as an Epic poem, and denied the suffrages of mankind. The causes of this failure appear twofold ; an insufficiency in his subject, to attract universal attention. and the radical incompetency of French versification, to convey sublime, noble, and great impressions.—French rhyme, too pompous for Tragedy, appears not to possess that majesty, which is indispensable to the *Epopee*

Let us turn, however, to climes, more congenial to Homeric grandeur ; let us turn to Scotland and

to England; where Homer can exult in a peer, and Virgil may fear a competitor. What a host of Epic ghosts, throng around us at every step we take, over this fruitful soil of poetry. Not to mention Blackmore's Epics, so numerous and so dull; besides innumerable other gristly spectres of a sickly brain; we may dwell with melancholy and indignant emotions, over the obscure grandeur of Glover's *Muse*. *Leonidas*, which ought to extort the shouts of millions, scarcely receives the whispering applause of a few solitary scholars. The love of freedom, the passion for our country, was never depicted in poetry more glowing; was never expressed by enthusiasm so inspired and virtuous. It is emphatically, the Poem of Liberty; and among Americans, should be adopted as the effusion of a native Muse. Yet what breeze bears on its wings, the imperishable genius of Glover? Where is his Fame?—

The *Atheniad*, more serene in its calidity, but flashing the sublimest fires, at intermissions, also lies neglected, if not forgotten.

It is Glover, however, a name which Princes should bow to, and a man whom saints should venerate! It is Glover, whose obscurity we never can cease to lament; and whose neglect, we could almost weep over; that attracts our attention, above all others of the same race. His *Leonidas* merits a better fortune; it should enjoy unbounded fame, and ought to be universally known, to the freemen of America; at a time when the Love of Country, is

in danger of being wholly lost, in the lust of power and of gold.

Prejudice, or stupidity itself; could not omit the name of Wilkie, in this funeral panegyric of unjustly neglected worth. Yet the beauties of the *Epigoniad*, will never perhaps be celebrated beyond the circle of scholars, and of wits. It is melancholy, as well as mortifying to think, that while mankind were stupidly overlooking the sublimity and charms of such productions, as those of Glover, Wilkie, and Camoens, they were glowing with emulation of praise, upon the *Fingal* of Macpherson; a poem, (if poem it can be called, without partaking of the frenzy that composed it;) whose beauties have been extolled in language, which even Homer would have blushed to hear. It describes the condition of a *Savage*, in terms at once wild, extravagant, and incoherent; and if a barbarous diction is a proof of poetry, for such it may yet be allowed to pass.—

If Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,  
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?

Yet shall a man allow his mind, to sink into sloth, because the measure of his fame cannot be foreseen, or defined with certainty and precision, before he engages in the labour that is to produce it? Or because applause is transitory, and immortality doubtful?—It is but reasonable to suppose, that the laws common to every thing human, should not be excluded from their influence, upon Literature and Taste; and that the same accidents, which baff- projects of gain, or blast the designs of power, should



sometimes likewise frustrate the efforts of genius, and confound the calculations of the philosopher.—As well, therefore, might we inculcate the utter futility of toil after wealth, because some of the industrious always remain in poverty, as inspire intellectual lassitude and despair, from the occasional miscarriages of brilliant imaginations. Let us, therefore, be content with the established chances, incident to human designs ; let us struggle to excel, even though we should eventually fall ; and at least take the chances of that immortality, which must be inevitably missed, if we indulge in supineness, or yeild to the enchantment of repose. The Savage of Africa, slumbers out existence, beneath the shade of the Plane tree, whose fruit spontaneously supplies him with subsistence, till his ashes mingle with their congenial earth, on the same spot, which received him at his birth ; and he dies without having made one addition to his comforts ; or left a new acquisition to his progeny ; or to his country, one improvement in art, science, or morals. Such is the Savage, in all parts of the world ; and they who resemble them in the civilized world, are rather depressed lower than exalted higher, in the scale of intellect, and usefulness —But the active tenant of a sterner soil, whose signal for labour, is the first song of the lark ; and whose alacrity of spirit, pants with never-ending hope, for uncertain success, is assured of the improvement of his faculties, however severe may prove the frowns of fortune ; and though, like the Genius of Glover, his reward may be scanty and fortuitous ; yet he leaves

to the world, at least the benefit of his example ; an example of virtue and resolution, to be admired ; of misfortune to be deplored ; of greatness, to be envied, and to be emulated. The issue of events, lies concealed in the impenetrable shades of time ; nor can the mind of man, calculate the unfailing means of fame ; but all is hidden, in order that ignorance may inspire curiosity, and stimulate to exertion ; so that sedulity and enterprise may never be wanting, to advance the cause of knowledge and of truth.



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER II.

BYRON'S TRAGEDIES.

"And what art thou, who dwellest  
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range  
Nature and Immortality—and yet  
Seem'st sorrowful?"

*"I seem that which I am."*

*Byron's Cain.*

Nothing is more useful, more exalted, and more entertaining; nothing is so well calculated to enlarge the understanding and improve the heart, as literary criticism. In discussing the merits of works, which had their birth in the sublime conceptions of the most favoured sons of genius, we occupy, what may be termed the very focus of intellectual creation. In analyzing the faculties of a *Milton*, a *Shakespear*, a *Hume*, or a *Byron*, we perform the noblest office to which the human powers can be directed, we shed a ray of beneficence over the Stygian gloom of life, and strike a chord of harmony that vibrates pleasure through every breast.

I have lately been indulging myself in that first of all intellectual banquets, and most exquisite of luxuries, the dramatic poetry of *Byron*; his *Sardanapalus* and the *Two Foscari*; and cannot resist the ardent desire I feel, to offer some remarks upon their

varied and brilliant beauties; convinced that the emanations of a mind, which so nearly approximates to divinity, must possess a charm, capable of melting the sternest prejudice, and imparting delight to the most cold and impenetrable bosom.

In delineating the character and fate of *Sardanapalus*, Byron has followed the historical account given by *Diodorus Siculus*, only departing from it in point of time, in order to approach the "unities," which he strictly observes in this tragedy, according to the precepts of *Aristotle*. The plot is simple, the incidents few; but the action is grand solemn and impressive.

Having mentioned *Aristotle*, we cannot omit to dwell for a moment upon the high and ennobling object of tragedy, as he defines it, to purge the passions of the soul in favour of virtue, by means of pity and terror. In this view, dramatic poetry swells to the most exalted and sublime rank. And such has *Byron* made it, in the classical production now before us.

*Sardanapalus* the voluptuous monarch of Assyria lost in the pleasures of sensuality, devoted to the joys of wine and women; spending his time in feasts and revels, till his sense of manhood is lost in the effeminacy of his harem, and lulled into apathy by the delicious music, which steals over his enraptured senses; presents us with a picture of softness, which we would suppose incapable of affording interesting traits for a poet to work upon. But *Byron* has wrought his character into a *thinking* voluptua-

ry; and caused him to *philosophize* upon pleasure and on peace, with the plausible logic of a priest and a philanthropist. *Salamenes*, the brother-in-law of the king thus beautifully paints his character, in the opening of the first act.

## A HALL IN THE PALACE.

*Salamenes (solus.)*

He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;  
He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;  
He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,

And I must be his friend as well as subject:

He must not perish thus. I will not see

The blood of Nimrod and Semiramis

Sink in the earth, and thirteen hundred years

Of empire ending like a shepherd's tale;

He must be roused. In his effeminate heart

There is a careless courage which corruption

Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,

Repress by circumstance, but not destroy'd—

Steep'd, but not drown'd, in deep voluptuousness.

If born a peasant, he had been a man

To have reach'd an empire; to an empire born.

He will bequeath none; nothing but a name,

Which his sons will not prize in heritage:—

Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem

His sloth and shame, by only being that

Which he should be, as easily as the thing

He should not be and is. Were it less toil

To sway his nations than consume his life?

To head an army than to rule a harem?

He sweats in palling pleasures, dulls his soul,  
 And saps his goodly strength, in toils which yield not  
 Health like the chase, nor glory like the war—  
 He must be roused. Alas! there is no sound

*[Sound of soft music heard from within.]*

To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the lute,  
 The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tinklings  
 Of lulling instruments, the softening voices  
 Of women, and of beings less than women,  
 Must chime in to the echo of his revel,  
 While the great king of all we know of earth  
 Lolls crown'd with roses, and his diadem  
 Lies negligently by to be caught up  
 By the first manly hand which dares to snatch it.  
 Lo, where they come! already I perceive  
 The reeking odours of the perfumed trains,  
 And see the bright gems of the glittering girls,  
 Who are his comrades and his council, flash  
 Along the gallery, and amidst the damsels,  
 As femininely garbed, and scarce less female,  
 The grandson of Semiramis, the man-queen.—  
 He comes! Shall I await him? yes, and front him,  
 And tell him what all good men tell each other,  
 Speaking of him and his. They come, the slaves,  
 Led by the monarch subject to his slaves.

When *Salamenes* reproaches the king with his  
 inglorious and slothful life, his arguments to justify  
 himself are more than specious; they have nature  
 and humanity to sustain them.

*Salamenes says,*

“Wilt thou resume a revel at this hour?”—

*Sardanapalus answers.*

“ And if I did, 'twere better than a trophy,  
Being bought without a *tear*.”

To justify his pacific reign, he says he envies not his ancestor.

“ The realms he wasted, and the *hearts he broke*.”

When told his subjects begin to revolt, what is his answer ? worthy of a Sage.

*Sar.* The ungrateful and ungracious slaves ! they  
murmur  
Because I have not shed their blood, nor led them  
To dry into the desert's dust by myriads,  
Or whiten with their bones the banks of Ganges ;  
Nor decimated them with savage laws,  
Nor sweated them to build up pyramids,  
Or Babylonian walls.

The character of the voluptuary Sardanapalus, before his energies and valor are awakened, by the plot of *Arbaces* and *Beleses*, to destroy him, and seize the throne, is pictured altogether as amiable, humane, and fraught with amenity. No one, save Byron, could thus have extenuated excess of pleasure by arguments of mild benevolence.

*Sar.* Oh, thou wouldst have me doubtless set up edicts—

“ Obey the king—contribute to his treasure—  
Recruit his phalanx—spill your blood at bidding—  
Fall down and worship, or get up and toil.”  
Or thus—“ Sardanapalus on this spot



Slew fifty thousand of his enemies.  
 These are their sepulchres, and this his trophy."  
 I leave such things to conquerors; enough  
 For me, if I can make my subjects feel  
 The weight of human misery less, and glide  
 Ungroaning to the tomb; I take no licence  
 Which I deny to them. We all are men.

*Sal.* Thy sires have been revered as gods——

*Sar.* In dust

And death, where they are neither gods nor men.  
 Talk not of such to me! the worms are gods;  
 At least they banqueted upon your gods,  
 And died for lack of farther nutriment.  
 Those gods were merely men; look to their issue——  
 I feel a thousand mortal things about me,  
 But nothing godlike, unless it may be  
 The thing which you condemn, a disposition  
 To love and to be merciful, to pardon  
 The follies of my species, and (that's human)  
 To be indulgent to my own.

In the following observations of *Sardanapalus*, we  
 behold the wisdom and philosophy of a Socrates.

I hate all pain,  
 Given or received; we have enough within us,  
 The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,  
 Not to add to each other's natural burthen  
 Of mortal misery, but rather lessen,  
 By mild reciprocal alleviation,  
 The fatal penalties imposed on life;  
 But this they know not, or they will not know.  
 I have, by Baal! done all I could to soothe them:

and power of a God.—The *hypocrite* starts with horror from his picture ; *craft* shudders to see himself detected ; *superstition* hates her own weak deformity, and *deceit* mutters the execration of disappointment and exposure.



# THE AUTHOR'S JEWEL,

## NUMBER IV.

### THE VALUE OF TIME.

For what to-morrow shall disclose,  
May speil what you to night propose ;  
England may change or Cloe stray,  
Love and Life are for to-day                      *Prior.*

It is the peculiar privilege of authors to moralize upon the waste of that time, of which their labours and lucubrations so often convince them of the importance. The proper measure of life is what *we do* or what *we enjoy*, not what we might have done or omitted to perform. He lives long, who lives to a good purpose ; who fills his hours with useful occupation, or innocent hilarity, and crowds into the period of a year, the labour or the enjoyment which the indolent only can accomplish, in the same period doubly protracted.

*" The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
With breath all incense. and with cheeks all bloom,  
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,  
And living as if earth contained no tomb,  
And glowing into day ! we may resume  
The march of our existence ; and thus I,  
Still on thy shores, fair Leman ! may find room*

*And food for meditation nor pass by  
Much that may give us pause if pondered fittingly.*

To make a wise use of the present time, and not to defer our duties to the uncertainty of the *future*, which to us may never come, is a maxim which has descended to mankind from the wisdom of antiquity, and the truth of which is daily attested by the experience of thousands. It is singular however, that what all are so willing to admit and believe, so few should illustrate or confirm by their practice; while as we advance in life, and the loss of opportunity drives the mind to retrospection, we grieve over the mispent hours of past existence, and repeat the offence at the same time we deplore it, by indulging in unavailing lamentation instead of rectifying our errors by immediate application and industry.

Every man, whatever be his station in life, has duties to perform, which indolence inclines him to postpone, or to omit. Were I to define happiness, it should be the *proper use of time*, both as it respects the employment of the mind, and the enjoyment of pleasure. If you are rich, waste not your hours in the toil of endless accumulation, but study how to fill the present moment with rational enjoyment and virtuous occupation. Those who are in want, require your succor, those who are oppressed, demand your protection. If you have leisure, which neither virtuous pleasures nor necessary avocations consume, learning and philosophy invite you to unfold their treasures and give expansion to your intellect, and benignity to your feelings. Books and science, are the auxiliaries of virtue, and the champi-

ons of humanity; and while they soothe or purge the passions, they approximate man to that perfectability, which he hopes to possess and enjoy hereafter, while trembling on the brink of that grave, whose superstitious terrors it dispels, by the torch of a liberal philosophy.

It is a common error to imagine that when our immediate business is performed the mind is discharged from the obligation of duty, and at liberty to repose in apathy and indolence. If the soul were susceptible of vacancy, this might prove correct. But the insatiate and perpetual appetite of the mind, exposes the fallacy of this assumption of indolence, which only surrenders us a prey to thoughts of torture, or meditations upon evil. To satisfy the physical wants of our system, is but a small part of the obligation imposed by nature upon man. After having provided for those necessities which in some cases is found so arduous and difficult, there still remains many important duties to perform, and many occasions of felicity present themselves, of which we can only avail ourselves, by a just sense of the value of time. Happiness is a wonderful compound of innumerable ingredients and various qualities; but he can never arrive at its fruition, who neglects to pass his hours to his own satisfaction, by the culture of his mind. To keep us awake to the importance of this duty, perpetual incitement and vigilance, is always required.

Indolence is always stealing over the student, and lulling him into present torpor, by the fallacious promises of future industry; which, when the fu-

ture arrives he still wants courage to undertake, because he can still procrastinate their fulfilment from day to day, till death delivers him from his promise. The toil of learning is, perhaps of all drudgery the most revolting, and from which I constantly turn away with the loathing of a faint heart, and a languid mind, desirous to perform, but unable to begin. New knowledge must be gained by study, and past attainments must be preserved by freshened recollection. To familiarize the mind to unknown truth, not easy to conceive, by a voluntary effort, often requires more courage than to plunge into the fire of a battle; yet when achieved, it confers more real honour, solid dignity, and unfading excellence, than the glory of a victory over expiring thousands of our fellow mortals. Yet how few are found emulous of a distinction, which it requires industry and virtue to attain, how few are willing to prosecute study at the expense of indolence and pleasure, or to cultivate composition, without the most distant hope of reward!—Of those few indeed, no toil can depress their spirit, no fame lull them to apathy.

—“ *Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
And there hath been my bane; there is a fire  
And motion of the soul which will not dwell  
In its own narrow being, but aspire  
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,  
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire  
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.*

Unreasonable desire, or inordinate ambition, how-

ever, often proves an obstacle to the proper employment of time. To acquire all we wish by one effort and at one time, is not possible, and therefore it is not wise to neglect the slight advantages of the present moment, for a concentrated acquisition beyond our reach. If we disdain to snatch single possessions auspicious to happiness, but stand waiting till all can be seized with one grasp, we shall find ourselves eventually destitute of what we before despised, and stripped of the power, or deprived of the occasion even to acquire them on the original terms of minute succession. This would be a melancholy if not a criminal waste of the present hour; and he who thus wantonly suffers life to pass away, without struggling to catch at something to distinguish its lapse, loses an opportunity that never can be recovered, and is soon confounded with the dust he treads on.

Perhaps one of the highest advantages, that results from availing ourselves of the present hour, consists in the gradual acquisition of minute and apparently trifling benefits;—trifling in themselves, as they arise and are collected, but often stupendous and important, when viewed in the aggregate of accumulated magnitude. The most wonderful productions of arts and science, are wrought by efforts trivial and insignificant; and an analysis of the works of genius, diminishes our admiration of the power that produced them, by showing that they owe their existence more to parsimony of time, and patient research than the creative faculty of intuitive perception. It cannot be denied that genius is a



powerful operator, but even genius must toil to produce grandeur, while mediocrity may always succeed, by snatching the present hour from the gulph of oblivion, and disappointing indolence of its tribute of slumber.

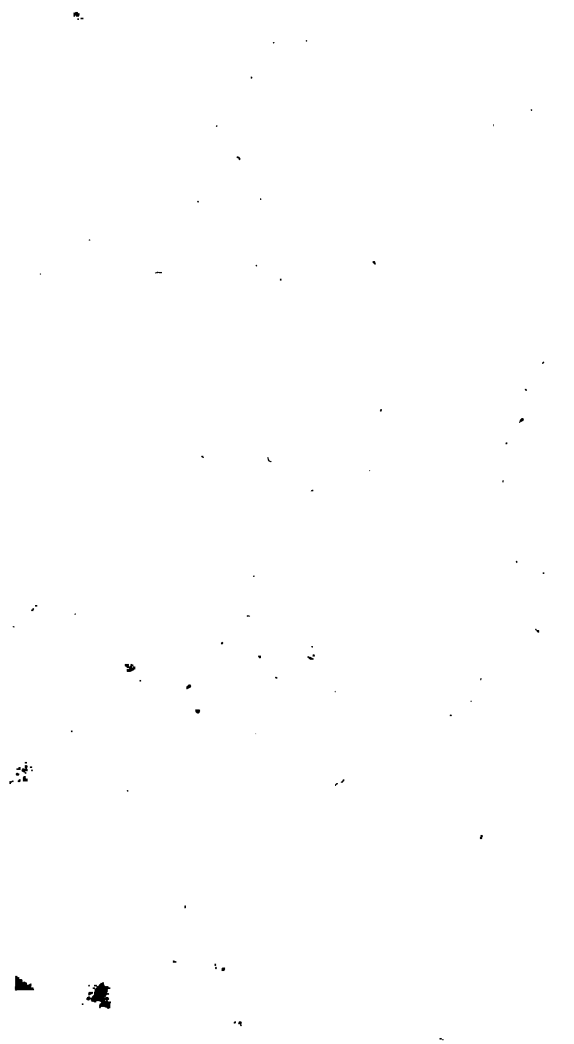
It is a mortifying reflection, but not the less true on that account, that the highest powers of intellect are dependent on time and circumstances for their brightest as well as meanest creations. But whether humble or great in genius, he who does not permit the passing hour to glide by him, but employs his mind in laudable improvement, noble enterprise or virtuous toil, will be certain of adding to his happiness in proportion to his industry, and increase his wisdom with his years.

Let us take a lesson from the *Lover*, on the value of time, who husbands it with the parsimony of a miser, and compels each moment to contribute to his happiness. How few who are in love, suffer the hours to pass by them unimproved, the observation of every one will not fail to inform him. For as Shakspeare has said,

*"Time is the Nurse and Breeder of all good"*  
when reasonably appreciated, but neglected, or prodigally mispent, it turns the current of existence against the very end and tenure of our being, poisoning the soul with bitterness. I have often admired, and cannot now abstain from recommending that economy of time, so beautifully portrayed by the great bard, we have just quoted.

*"O God ! methinks it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain ;*

*To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes as they run :  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the time :  
So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
So many hours must I take my rest ;  
So many hours must I contemplate ;  
So many hours must I sport myself ;  
So many days my ewes have been with young,  
So many weeks ere the poor souls will jean,  
So many months ere I shall sheer the fleece :  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,  
Pass over to the end they were created  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."*



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER V.

COURTSHIP.

Charming and charmed, can Love from Love retire ?  
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire ?  
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine,  
More we admire ! but cannot prove divine.

SAVAGE.

When I was a young man, it was the custom, then generally followed, in cases of love, for the young gentleman, or old bachelor, as he might be, to make his advances to the lady ; who, whether naturally gifted with modesty, or disposed to forwardness, was sure to appear shy and retiring, till after the wedding had taken place. Time, however, it seems, changes all things ; customs, as well as persons ; and as the opinion now prevails, that we are every day advancing nearer to perfection ; the revolution in courtship, which in my eyes, now wears features of degeneracy, must be classed among other improvements, as one step towards an infallible preventive for the wretched lot of solitary maidenhood.

It is now about five and thirty years, since I first made my modest bow, with a blushing cheek, and a palpitating heart, to my poor deceased wife, Rebecca. *Let me in passing, drop a tear to her memory.*

for in truth, she was a kind, loving and worthy soul, though somewhat inclined to jealousy, and excess of snuff Well!—To proceed with my narrative. Rebecca was then but seventeen! She was as lovely as the fresh and opening rose-bud, whose beauties sparkling in the morning's dewy rays still retains a hidden lustre to unveil, when it shall fully disclose its charms in the noon-tide sun. Rebecca was handsome; her eyes were a melting blue; her hair, a brilliant chesnut colour; her complexion as pellucid as the stream, and white and red mingled in her cheeks with exact and beautiful rivalry, their perfect tints. Her person, rather under the common stature, was admirably adapted to the high, flaunting head-dress of that time. Her bosom, compressed slightly by her *stays*, rose into modest view, half veiled beneath a transparent gauze handkerchief; but her person, inimitable in its symmetry and grace, was enviously concealed by her large hoops.—Yet take her as she *was*, and not as she seemed, a better wife, or a more seductive maid, never blessed a man, or inspired a poet.

When I first addressed her, it seemed as if she wished to sink, or vanish, from my glance through the floor, so coy and timid was my Rebecca. She blushed, she trembled; her eyes were rivetted to the ground; her fan was shut and opened a hundred times, in beautiful confusion. The first interview, did not even procure me *one* syllable. At the second, she barely returned my salutation; and it was *many, many months*, before she allowed herself the *privilege of general conversation with me*. Year after year, I pressed my suit in vain, with all the

fervour of impatient passion ; and it was not till after five winters had shed their snows, that she agreed to become my wife. Ah ! that time has flown, never to revisit me, but in fancy, or in visions, fraught with recollections and regrets, equally painful, pleasing, and intense !

Such in times long past, was virgin coyness ! But where shall we now seek for this divine attribute, this halo that ever encircles the mind of chastity ?

I am now the neighbour of an old lady, who is doatingly fond of a son, who possesses neither attractions of mind nor person calculated to excite esteem or love ; and yet is the darling object of passion, to a young woman of fashion and fortune, who pays *her* addresses to him ; thus completely reversing the good old customs of the country. The young man appears to be rather of a weakly constitution ; which has led his mother to neglect his education, to the utter ruin of a mind, naturally impotent and sluggish. It may probably be owing to this, that the shyness of his disposition is quite feminine, and more adapted to the Lady than her lover. Weakness, which seems one of the natural causes of modesty, must have bestowed this appropriate attribute of the softer sex, upon the young gentleman in question. It is certain that he was never seen to speak to a woman in his life, till *Sophia*, the young lady who courts him, followed him one Sunday morning from church, and contriving to meet him unobserved, proposed a walk to the sweet banks of the Schuylkill ! The gentleman hesitated, blushed, looked round to see if they were unobserved, and eventually complied with the invitation of the seductive fair one.

As I am now what every body calls an old fellow, I can observe the progress of their courtship from my window, while smoking my pipe, without being suspected; nay, they heed me not, even when I draw my chair to the front door, in the cool of the morning or evening, to waft away my cares in a whiff or two.—The young man never ventures out, till the *Lady calls for him*; or passing his window, gives him the beck of love; which he coyly, and sluggishly obeys. They then seek the banks of Schuylkill's love inspiring stream, where no doubt, the youth puts off some of his bashfulness, and the maiden assumes—less than she feels.

How often have I felt something like a feeling of Envy rising in my breast, at the assiduous love of Sophia for this uncourteous knight; who never even steps to meet her; nor thinks of waiting on her home; or greeting her presence with a kiss or a salutation. No sooner has the earliest beam, dispelled the chilling vapours of the night, than Sophia appears blooming in anxious love before his window. If he is not risen, she paces the street, till he awakes, and finds all her toils repaid, when she beholds him creep forth, rubbing his half sealed eyes, and yawning in all the lassitude of incurable and frigid laziness. A morning walk, may sharpen love, as well as improve the appetite; and the rambling Lovers doubtless enjoy the twofold benefit, without being conscious of more than one blessing.

While this absurd and revolting scene of folly and shyness on the one part, and immodest passion, on the other, is continually passing, it cannot be sup-

posed that my female neighbours, are blind to the strangeness of Sophia's conduct, or indifferent to the prosecution of a successful amour. The old unmarried women (I never use the vulgar term, old maids,) already begin to surmise that evil, which their own solitary state, constantly impells them to conceive. All exclaim against a happiness, which they cannot enjoy themselves; the young men begin to hint, that he is without one attraction to a woman of common sense; and the young women wonder, that any man of virtuous sentiments, can regard so shameless and immodest a girl. But it appears to me, that envy—and not reason, is the moving spring of the censure; although, God knows, a young woman in my days, would not have ventured upon so perilous an experiment, as openly courting a bashful idiot.

After two weeks promenade courtship, the gentleman has reluctantly yielded to the importunities of Sophia, and the Right Reverend, has tied the knot, which dooms her to share his fortune, endure his humours, and comply with his caprices. The conduct of Sophia always reminds me of the couplet of my old favourite, Shakespeare, who says,

“She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
“For even her folly helped her to an heir.”

I must allow, that the bold carriage of Sophia, in respect to her courtship, is not exactly common to all the young women of the town—that is, I do not believe they all court in the street; and yet I could bring pretty strong evidence too, upon this point, against the general run of them. Within my time,



however, I have observed a change for the worse, in their behaviour towards the other sex, neither pleasing, nor decorous. They all show too much disposition *to court*; so that I have been unable for a long time, to see any thing like courtship on the part of the men. My grand-daughter Susan, gave a tea-party a few weeks ago; and having some curiosity to see the beaux of the arch little rogue, I even obtruded Winter upon the lap of May, for half an hour or so. But the climate of manners, was too warm for my polar constitution of mind. Susan, and indeed, all her companions, were as familiar with the men, as if they had been of the same sex. I could not see a blush, or a downcast eye, in the whole round of company, except the crimson, which I felt overspreading my own cheek, partly from indignation and partly from shame, at the violation of good breeding committed by the men; who in their turn, observed no more respect for the females, than the latter exhibited reserve towards the gentlemen. As I left the rooms, I could not help sighing for the chaste and decorous manners of the *ancient time*; when impudence was never mistaken for ease, grossness for affability, nor immodesty for polished breeding. How nicely extremes verge upon one another. A line only separates the boor from the well-bred man, and the easy assurance of women, supposed to be characteristic of polished society, is an art so difficult to practise in a happy medium, that the slightest want of skill, tact, or sensibility, leaves the fine lady on a level with the washerwoman, and the virgin belle, as immodest in exterior, as the daughters of frailty.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER VI.

EMILY HOOD.

*That spot is now all desolate and bare;  
Its dwellings down, its tenants past away;  
None but her own and father's grave is there,  
And nothing outward tells of human clay;  
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,  
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say.*

LORD BYRON.

There are moments of anguish and desolation of heart, which sensibility sometimes experiences, without being caused by sorrow or misfortune, that if narrated would wring tears of agony from the sternest brow, and prostrate us in the dust in spite of reason and philosophy. Were the history of such feelings fully described, they would form a kind of *Romance of the Heart*, to which nine-tenths of mankind could respond no throb of sympathy, and of which therefore, they would repel the belief, with an air of callous skepticism, that only betrayed their want of sensibility, or comprehensiveness of mind. So it is, also with the history of many of the afflictions of life, where the incidents and characters being beyond the sympathy of the general run of mankind, they are viewed as extravagant, or ridiculed as Ro-

mantic, merely because they surpass the dulness of our imagination, or are too delicate and refined for our grosser perceptions. Every thing beyond the sphere of our own thoughts and feelings, is in fact a kind of *Romance*, so that in many cases, it becomes difficult to discriminate, between reality and fiction, and to decide which is the picture of imagination and which the real history of human life. Such is the character of the story, which from actual information I am now about to relate.

Andrew Hood was an English gentleman, who being reduced in his native country from the pinnacle of affluence almost to penury, through the treacherous villainy of professing friends ; determined to emigrate to the U. States, and lay the foundation of new fortunes for his young family, a wife and three children, in a strange land favourable to industry, and free from the prejudices of rank and title. On the passage, however, it was his misfortune to lose his wife and two children, who died of the small pox, which was then a raging epidemic ; and he landed on the shores of the new world, a strange and desolate man, with no ties to bind him to existence, save the lovely and delicate little orphan that he pressed to his bosom in an agony of sorrow and of tenderness, that bedewed its unconscious cheek with the fond tear of a doating parent. His surviving child was a beautiful and interesting girl, that presented him with a miniature image of his lost wife, and daily twined new and stronger tendrils of affection around the susceptible heart of the fond and doating father, who soon perceived, that his child alone was to him

all that makes life happy, and reconciles affliction to its destiny of protracted suffering.

With the remnant of a fortune once princely, Hood purchased a small, but handsome farm, in the vicinity of a luxurious and gay city. He would have flown to the wilderness, and sequestered himself in its thickest forests, to escape from the smiling villainy of man; but his sensibilities, his habits and his education, all urged him to remain in a spot, so favourable to the instruction of his daughter, where science and refinement were easily accessible, and still in some degree congenial to his bruised and lacerated spirit; for he was intellectual and refined beyond the common lot of men of fortune; his taste was delicate, his intellect powerful and his mind and manners polished and refined.

The parents of a beautiful daughter are like travelling Pilgrims, bearing a rich and glittering treasure, through a country thickly infested by robbers, who at every step threaten to despoil them. Emily Hood was a beautiful girl, that attracted the eye of every passenger and excited even virtue itself to languish for her possession. She had now passed safely, and with brilliant success through a course of instruction, which developed a luxuriant and quick understanding and acquired while it refined all the arts and accomplishments peculiar to her sex, with the exception of the most frivolous—among which was dancing. Emily could not dance;—her father was averse to it, and she felt in herself a consciousness of something, perhaps self respect, or dignity, or pride, which made her recoil from so trifling, so degrading an amuse-

ment.—Her father had educated her for *himself*; not for the world—he wished to pillow his head through life on her bosom; to live in her presence, to share her joys and sorrows, and when the hour come, the bitter, fatal, and certain hour, which must come to all, to breathe his last sigh of mortality in the arms of his affectionate child. Fond, foolish, fatal illusion.—Emily was born to love, and destined to be betrayed to misfortune. Her soul was the temple of the most transcendent passion.

*Oh who can paint that maze of flame,  
Which tempts the giddy soul astray;  
And by its potent magic name,  
Turns day to night, and night to day,  
Plunging the heart in wild confusion's bliss,  
A prey to soul distracting sighs or rapture's kiss!*

Mr. Hood had adopted every precaution which a knowledge and distrust of the world could suggest to guard his daughter from a passion, which he knew to be always dangerous and too often fatal.—But how unavailing are all parental precautions against insidious and promæthean Love. Emily had seen, had conversed with young men in almost every rank in life; and yet her heart had never beat with the agitation of love, and why then should it ever? That question was soon to be answered. Bedford, a young man of three and twenty arrived at Mr. Hood's, with Letters of introduction from his father, who had emigrated to *Alabama*, and was formerly acquainted with Hood in London. He was soft and pleasing in his manners, and mild in mind; but under an amiable and placid exterior, he concealed violent passions,

and principles that might be termed liberal, rather than vicious. Emily and Bedford felt in a moment what it is so delicious to feel, but so tedious to describe—they loved—they confessed their passion to one another, and yielded without restraint to the intoxicating dream of transporting passion.

*“Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss.—  
“Inhaling wild, delirious bliss”*

A mutual passion once formed between two ardent and youthful hearts soon bids defiance to parental admonition. Her father observed their love, and in due season spoke in the language of mingled affection and authority, to warn them of a premature engagement. But it was now too late. It was in vain. Bedford avowed his honourable intentions, but said it was necessary to make some arrangements for beginning life, prior to his marrying. The intimation was sufficient for Hood, and with many a sigh, and many a tear, did he attempt to fortify himself against the loss of his daughter.—Bedford was to perform a voyage to England, to obtain agencies in business, and on his return to wed Emily. The time for his departure was therefore hastened, and in place of going by the vessel he had intended from P— he anticipated the period, and engaged to sail in a ship from New-York.—Let those who have loved, conceive the sufferings of the parting lovers;—the oft repeated kiss, the flowing tear, the sobbing voice, and the agonizing embrace—repeated again and again, till Bedford urged by necessity at length broke from her arms with desperation, and left Emily swooning on the distracted bosom of her father, in-

sensible to the departure of her lover, and resembling a frail and fragile flower, prostrated on the earth by the rude blast that has tarnished and withered its beauties.

Now came the days and nights of sorrow, to one who had never felt pain, nor experienced a broken slumber before. Emily no longer herself, wept through the tedious hours from day to day, and wandered from place to place, scarcely conscious of existence. A cruel grief preyed upon her vitals—the bloom faded from her cheek, and strength seemed to forsake her body.—She wandered from place to place, like some unquiet spectre, sighing to the winds, and holding converse with the stars! Her father was even more distracted than Emily; for he felt a double pang for every grief that weighed upon her heart. He saw her fast fading before him not by disease, but inward and incurable fires which no medicines could quench, no art eradicate!

The time, so fraught with heaviness and woe, at length arrived, when a Letter from *Bedford* might be expected from England. This indeed was a period of anxious hopes and fears; of expectations only excited to be blown down, of alternative hope and despair, which always has its seat in the mind of perturbed passion, a source of useless but inevitable torture. Still, however, hope predominated in the picture, and as the lapse of time from day to day, increased expectation to a *certainly* of hearing from Bedford, joy and happiness once more sparkled in the eyes of both father and daughter; for a vessel had just arrived from Liverpool, which must have

sailed after the arrival of Bedford in England, even allowing him a much longer passage than every vexatious circumstance of delay required.—Alas! the certainty of hearing *of Bedford* was but too fatally fixed. Destiny never errs on the side of misfortune, and the heart that prys into futurity with forebodings of evil, is always more likely to be gratified than disappointed.



1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER VII.

EMILY HOOD.

*Oh Love ! no habitant of Earth thou art,  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see  
The naked eye, thy forms, as it should be ;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy.  
And to a thought such shape and image given,  
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd—wearie'd  
                  wrung, and riven.                   CHILDE HAROLDE.*

INFORMATION was at length received of *Bedford*, through the medium of the public journals ; but no letter came to realize the agonizing expectations of Emily. Her father was the first to read the soul harrowing tidings—the ship in which he sailed had perished on the Irish coast, and all on board had found a watery tomb. *Bedford* among the rest, flushed with all the glowing prospects of opening life, in the midst of all his energies, rioting on visions of love, with the cup of happiness raised to his lips, was cut off from existence, in all the protracted horrors of suspended life, momentarily threatened to be engulfed beneath the next rush of those stu-

penduous billows, that seemed to wield the power of omnipotence, and where hope and despair struggling for empire on the foam of the wave, cheered the wretch, with the prospect of life, till he sunk beneath them.

As Mr. Hood read the account of the wreck, a sickness of the heart came over him, which almost deprived the afflicted father of the consciousness of life. He doated on his child as those only can conceive, who have doated upon their offspring. He knew the extent of Emily's love for *Bedford*; he knew that she could not survive him, and he felt that he held the fate of his daughter in his hand, and that his life, and all he held dear in life, was hanging by a thread, the fragile thread of a father's resolution. How should he shape his conduct in this critical stage of his fate? How could he evade her questions, how meet them, without divulging the dreadful catastrophe, upon which her existence depended? In this dilemma reason became of little avail, and after pondering upon every scheme which fancy suggested, he was compelled like all others, involved in similar perplexity, to trust himself to instinct, to extricate him from a difficulty, which he knew not how to avoid.

His daughter met him on the terrace, as he was entering into the house. Could her father have hid his countenance, perhaps Emily had never suspected the dreadful secret that lurked in his bosom; but the face of her father, anxious, perturbed and gloomy, told all the horrors of the tale, before he had conceived the design of revealing it by his lips.—

"Then something evil, has happened cried Emily the moment she saw him. He will not write ;—perhaps he cannot write ;—he is sick ;—he is dead ; Oh ! yes, he is lost, he is shipwrecked !—I shall see him no more ; Oh ! my God ! I shall see Bedford no more !" —The shock of her feelings was overpowering and she swooned at the feet of her father, who unable to assist, wept and groaned over her unconscious body.

To judge of the sudden transition of Emily's thoughts, from evil to evil, till at last they rested in the one horrible idea of *Bedford's* shipwreck and death, it will be necessary to advert to the changes which every interrogation of Emily produced in the aspect of her father ; till a complete agony wrung his frame with tears, sobs, and lamentations.—It was then she perceived the full extent of her misery and beneficent nature drew a veil of insensibility over her sufferings.

Scenes of woe so unutterable as now occurred in the dwelling of the wretched father of Emily, baffle the powers of description. After laying in a state of agony and torture for six hours, the miserable girl gave birth to a dead infant, the fatal proof of her over-confiding faith in her lover, and the cause of all that mental distraction, which had wrung her soul with remorse, fear, and suspense, during the absence of Bedford. The distraction of the father was unspeakable, Emily was suspended over the tomb by a single thread ; she was frail and weak but not less innocent on account of her misfortune. The anxious and sorrowful parent gazed upon her,

with heart-breaking tenderness and grief. She at length revived for a moment, and opening her eyes cast a timid glance around; and seeming suddenly to become conscious of all that had happened, as the truth flashed before her, tears gushed into her eyes, as she feebly articulated, with a broken voice, and with an averted glance, "*father can you forgive me?*"—Who can imagine the feelings of that father at that moment. "Oh! Emily, my love, my daughter! my child! forgive you—yes, yes, I forgive all—by this fond kiss of thy father's take my forgiveness, my blessing!"—"Then I am again happy, I die happy," articulated faintly the unhappy girl, and before he had ceased to press his lips to her cheek, her afflicted spirit had flown to regions of peace and purity.

"Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave,—

"She was thy hope—thy joy—they love—thine all,

"And that last thought on him thou could'st not  
save,

"Sufficed to kill."—

Her father, ignorant of her dissolution, and fearful of the effect of the conflict, in her mind, still pressed her in his arms, as if to shield her from the cold and iron shaft of death, nor could he be persuaded to leave her corpse, till nature, exhausted by his sufferings, sunk under the pressure, and he was borne insensible to his bed. With his dead child clasped in his arms, he seemed like Lear, and might have uttered the same piercing cry of grief.

"Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones,

" \* \* \* \* \* O, she is gone forever.

"I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;  
"She's dead as earth."—

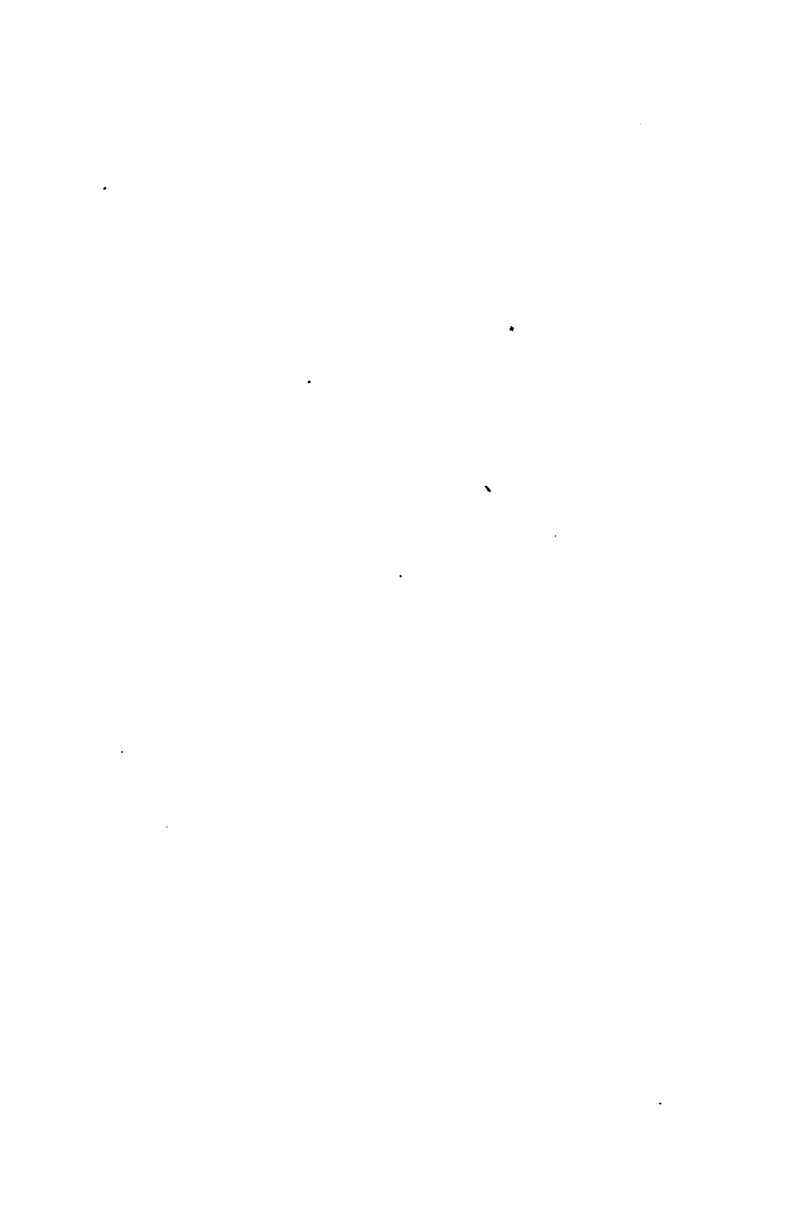
The wo-stricken father survived Emily but three months ; nor ceased to breathe her name while life remained to give him power of utterance. By his direction, she was buiried in the garden attached to the house and her grave surrounded by a white paling, where he also ordered himself to be interred by the side of his daughter's grave. The father of Bedford was informed of the history of his son's courtship, and to save the feelings of his friend, he agreed to give out the *previons marriage* of the unfortunate youth, ere he sailed for England. He arrived to fulfil the last injunctions of the dying father of Emily ; and having paid more than common attention to his exequies, but avoiding all pomp, he took possession of the effects, and having settled every claim, closed the tenantless abode of sorrow, and returned to new enterprises in the western country. I passed the house a few days ago ; and could not restrain a tear at the desolation of the scene that was spread before me. The wild briars and long grass had overgrown the sunken graves of both father and daughter, the paling was fast decaying and falling to the ground, and the mansion itself seemed to share in the dreary desolation and woe, which even *after death*, seemed still to be visited on every thing connected with the fortunes of *Andrew Hood*.

"Thy Daughter's dead !

Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lovely beam,

Hark ? to the hurried question of Despair,

"Where is thy child," an echo answers "Where?"



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER VIII.

THE NAPOLEONAD.— AN EPIC POEM.

*"Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;  
A little heavy but no less divine:  
An independent being in his day—  
Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and wine."*

WHEN I mention the term *Napoleonad*, as the title of the Epic poem, to which we would invite the genius of *Lord Byron*, as one equal to the grandeur and magnificence of his powers; the imagination of the reader will naturally hasten to anticipate the wonderful subject, on which it is proposed to found it. The life, genius, and career of *Napoleon Bonaparte*, surpass every story both ancient and modern, which forms the ground-work and superstructure of an Epic poem. As it relates to the dignity, nobleness and elevation of the theme, as well as the design, unity, and denouement, nothing can exceed it. In point of magnificence and grandeur, what can compare to the grand project of the *Conquest of the World*? What a sublime and congenial work for a poet of *Byron's* stupendous powers! To trace the progress of this colossal conqueror, from victory to victory; from his annihilation of armies to his thralldom of



the globe, nation after nation, till he felt the world struggling in his unequal gripe, and panting to regain its Liberty: To describe in the glowing language of poetry, the march of desolation, the death of thousands, the sack of cities, and the conflagration of capitolis, would form but one part of this sublime and interesting topic, which swells the mind to wonderful dilation, even by the conception of its immensity.

When we consider in another point of view the wonderful achievements of France under his auspices, in science, arts, agriculture, and all that advances a great nation in the road of felicity and grandeur, the character of *Napoleon* presents a complete picture of a poetical Hero. As the patron of Literature he stands pre eminent. France is indebted to him for her architecture, her great and Roman-like roads, her elegant and permanent bridges, her canals, her polytechnic schools, her botanic gardens, her *Louvre*, which all had their birth and progressive existence with him,—and which have almost perished with him. *Napoleon* was emphatically the Protector of every branch of science and art, that exalts an empire in the moral and political scale of excellence. He was truly the *Father of France*, and the wonder of the Age. Liberal philosophy and bold, dauntless research take their origin from his era.

In magnanimity, that first quality of heroic minds, what personage of ancient or modern history, has excelled him? His conduct towards the various Monarchs whom he successively subjugated, speak

volumes in favour of his clemency and greatness of soul. His contempt of every thing of a pecuniary nature, bespeaks a towering and extraordinary mind, elevated above the grovelling conceptions of a sordid and selfish nature.—While all around him were engrossed in accumulating wealth, *Napoleon* was satisfied with Fame.

Napoleon was a husband and a father ! Let not his great remoteness from us, lead us to imagine that he wanted conjugal tenderness, or was deficient in parental affection. Still his heart was the heart of a Hero rather raised above, than insensible to the domestic sympathies.

We do not presume to give a complete analytical view of the diversified features of such a poem ; but merely to show, how fully competent the subject is to the dignity of the *Epopée*, and how worthy of all the powers of the most stupendous genius. First, as it respects the *Man* ! *Napoleon* the favourite child of genius, and of Fortune ; in his intellect great, sublime, and capable of conceiving with distinctness, and planning with systematic precision, the subjugation of Europe and Asia to his individual sway ! This in itself, stamps the grandeur of his intellect, without pointing to that searching penetration, and quick, overreaching sagacity, which anticipated the designs, and frustrated the councils of his foes.—It may possibly be objected, that he was destitute of piety and religion, and wanted the soft endearments of a good heart. Let us grant this. In my judgement, the first objection forms the brightest trait of sublimity ; it gives a daring and uncontrollable

sweep to the energies of his mind, and recommends him as the Hero of an Epic, where the *great*, not the good, is the characteristic quality demanded by the subject. The same observation will apply with equal force, to the want of goodness of heart, even allowing what might be questioned, in point of historical veracity. Epic heroes are not required to be philanthropists, or *Howards*. Take for example the person just named, as the hero of an Epic poem; and the mere mention of the fact reveals the absurdity of such an uncritical opinion. All that is grand, splendid, and wonderful, is found in the character of *Napoleon Bonaparte*; and the single object of his public life, *universal dominion*, presents us with that *unity of action*, which constitutes one of the chief beauties of the *Epic*.

Let us now consider the *age* in which he flourished, and the theatre on which he acted, in relation to the peculiar fitness of this subject for an Epic poem.

The age of Napoleon was the most extraordinary and astonishing in the annals of mankind. It surpasses all that is ancient, and stands by itself in the modern world. One event, that of the *Revolution in France*, would be sufficient to stamp it with this character. *The birth day of Liberty to Europe*, is a sublime and fruitful source, of the noblest sentiments and most exalted passions. This may be termed the commencement of the age of Napoleon, when Reason assumed the majesty of Empire, and Priestcraft sinking with the Kings that supported it, left the mind unfettered by superstition and bigotry. After that *grand event*, we find the Hero creating *his own Age*,

and moulding Time, Destiny, Fortune, all that we fancy to be uncontrollable, to his own views and purposes. It was then emphatically the *Age of Napoleon*; as the anterior period was the age of Reason. This presents a feature in the subject, entirely *novel, unprecedented*, and untouched by the human mind. Homer, Milton, Tasso, Dante, Virgil, can give us nothing that will approach it in magnificent singularity. *Voltaire's Henriad* would not compare with it, without a degrading disparagement. No conqueror of antiquity *created his own age*, though he may have changed the face of things to his own genius, *in his own country*. But Napoleon moulded *all the nations* of the civilized world, to his own peculiar and transcendent genius—and that world still bears, and will forever bear, the indelible stamp of his Power and his Mind. How superior in this respect, is the theme of Napoleon for an Epic, to that of all others! France, Europe, the World, will never efface the salutary impression made by Napoleon on all.

What episodes; how brilliant, magnificent, and interesting, would be the episodes, which the battles of *Austerlitz, Marengo, Lodi, Moscow, Waterloo, &c.* would furnish!

His captivity in Elba, his escape; his recaptivity, his confinement at *St Helena*; his *Death*; would all form great and noble features in such a poem.—The catastrophe would be horridly sublime—*The Conqueror of the World*, poisoned in his Prison, at the instance of a confederacy of pious Kings, who felt their *Thrones* tremble beneath them, by the mere

*breath of his existence*, though a Prisoner on a desert rock in the Indian Ocean !

The philosophy, science, and intellectual refinement of the Age, may be supposed unfavourable to the perfect production of an Epic Poem upon any subject of modern origin. But experience and observation do not favour this apprehension. Although the machinery of pagan mythology could not well be used with all its wonted effect, yet we may reasonably question, whether the modern Epopee cannot attain all its characteristic grandeur and interest, by the poet confining himself to the received opinions of philosophy, in endowing his Hero with such genius as *Socrates and Tasso*, believed themselves to be influenced by. The rapid course of events, in the present case, would prevent the serious want of more machinery, than the great agents, causes, and effects of the *Revolution*, would so readily suggest to the fancy of a competent Poet. The *Spirit of Discord*, of *Intrigue*, of *Ambition*, of *War*, of *Peace*, of *Virtue*, &c. would themselves form an admirable machinery.

I am no inspired Bard, but had I leisure and industry. I would attempt to become one on such a theme as this.

Bonaparte has afforded too many subjects calculated

“To point a moral, or adorn a tale,”

to allow such an Epic, to want a moral lesson ; which however, the licence of *poetical justice*, would never permit to appear as a deficiency. Upon this point, it would be superfluous to extend our remarks.

I have touched this subject with apprehension and trembling, lest some rash and inconsiderate bard, should venture to essay a theme, which gigantic and magnificent genius alone, can manage without disgrace, or without giving birth to an abortion. A miscarriage would throw discredit on what should remain *sacred*. Let not the impious touch of mediocrity then, profane the stupendous, vast, and towering subject.

"No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,  
Who having angled all his life for fame,  
And getting but a nibble at a time,  
Still, fussily keeps fishing on, the same  
Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime  
Of *Mediocrity*, the furious tame,  
The *echo's echo*, usher of the school  
Of Female wits, boy-bards—in short, a fool."

In the name of reason, of taste, of judgment, and even of decency, I would implore Mediocrity to avoid it; and not only mediocrity, but superstition, bigotry, and intolerance. Such a theme is formed for *MANHIND*, not for a *sect*; and the Epic Poem derived from it, should speak to the great family of Mortals only, in a language intelligible to all, clothing sentiments which Reason could not dispute.

To *Lord Byron*, the world justly looks for such an *Epic*. We have a claim upon him for it, which he cannot evade—the entire competency of his poetical genius, and *his only*, to the task. To him too, we look for that liberality, which can merge the *Englishman* in the Philosopher.—The Poet seems to have been made for the Hero, and for the Age;—the con-

densed energies of both, having an appropriate and true representative in the author of *Don Juan*, and in him only. We speak upon this subject with the zeal and earnestness of enthusiasm ; we desire to see **NAPOLÉON** in the hands of the first poet, and most extraordinary man of the age, because we feel assured, that should he not undertake and perform it, we shall never experience the pleasure of contemplating the most transcendent theme the world ever gave birth to, splendidly wrought into a beautiful and sublime Epic, which in the hands of Byron would excel all that Homer or Virgil ever produced.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER IX.

THE SENTIMENTALIST.

Bewhiching maid ! But change that name  
Thy brilliant charms I'll then adore ;  
Avow my ardent, constant flame,  
Hail Hymen's rights—and sigh no more !

“FLORA ! It is a pretty name,” said my aunt Tibitha, as she gently raised the lid of her snuff box, to regale her nose with a pinch of extraordinary fine rappee, the fragrance of which spread far around, and even reached the corner, where I sat inditing an *Ode of Love*, to the very Lady in question. I had just finished the first, stanza, which ran thus :

Oh Flora dear ! thou Goddess fair,  
To thee let every zepher bear,  
The sweets of every flower ;  
Let all the tenants of the field,  
Bring all the treasures that they yield,  
While throned in yonder bower :  
From me this tribute deign to prize,  
A heart dissolv'd in Love and Sighs !

“It is a pretty name, she reiterated, and is associated with all that is sweet of the graces and flow-



ers; but I somehow never could bring myself to like it, because it so exclusively appropriated to the jet polished damsels of Africa. In all the states, aye and in all the free states too, for even here those sooty maidens are metamorphosed into celestials; the frequent call of *Flora*, to perform some menial office, constantly associates mean and grovelling ideas with the name; and banishes the most romantic fancies which a lover might be inclined to indulge in. What a misfortune it must be, she concluded, with great pathos of tone and gesture, to have a daughter named '*Flora*!' Here she closed her box, tapped the lid with a significant air, and replaced it in her pocket.

I felt my blood chill at the bare reflection; rested my head upon my hand, and said—nothing—I was even then as my aunt spoke, on the point of *confirming* my passion for *Flora*; and felt I scarcely know how, but some what foolish—I recollected, however, that my aunt *Tibitha*, was an *old maid*; and a little consoled by the thought, ventured to combat her prejudices!

"But aunt, said I, wherefore should so trifling an association of ideas, upon a mere name, so totally independent of the loveliness of the creature who bears it, be suffered to strew affliction in the path of life? After all, it is but a vulgar prejudice, beneath the attention of a *noble mind*!"

My aunt felt hurt at the implied censure. She drew herself up to the perfect elevation of majestic dignity; but did not *contradict* me! "Surely, she replied, in a measured and slow tone! Surely! but

there is always something even in a prejudice, that will have weight, though it cannot command admiration"—I felt the truth of the remark ; and still more the weight of the prejudice.

The door of the room opened, and who should present herself but—*Flora* ! “ My dear child ! we have just been talking of you, cried my Aunt ! And notwithstanding vulgar prejudice I must say I love you better than any little hussey in town.

*Flora* half blushed ! I rose and bowed coolly ! I never felt in my life so little emotion ! And yesterday, had *Flora* appeared, I should have trembled like an aspen ; burned like a Lover, and palpitated like—a girl !—I cursed inwardly all old maids, who utter sentences of detraction at random, and *disparage*, by habit, even those they most love Well, thought I, as I am half cured of my Love, I will sit down, and in my own mind draw a picture of *Flora* !

She is just passed sixteen ; and every fascinating charm of person, rivets the eye of admiring love ! Of a height just to be graceful ; a spareness of form just interesting ; delicacy, health, and cheerfulness, combine to throw a lustre over features beautiful, regular, and intelligent. It was the brilliancy of this effect, that had enthralled me !—I now listened to her conversation with my aunt, and began to wonder at my own folly !—She talks fluently, but without meaning ; she has read much, yet seems to understand nothing. There was a *vacancy in her mind*, which all her copiousness of *diction* could not conceal. A kind of sexual and imperfect conception ;

where thought swims over the soul, like water over glass, leaving no trace behind ! Yet Flora was passionate. When angry she never spoke—it was because emotion stifled all articulation ! She was likewise perverse. Check her, and she spoke not again for days. It seemed as if the fire of her wrath would consume her soul ! Yet still she was a woman—still lovely—still doatingly fond, when disposed to love !—Since the observation of my Aunt upon her name, I could see naught but her defects. Her skin was less fair ; her eyes less bright ; her voice less sweet ; her person less lovely !

Flora was educated at a Boarding School, of the highest fashion. Dr. Metaphor instructed her in *belles-lettres* ; Dr. Courwell in *French* ; Dr. Tietongue in *Latin* ; Langanelli in *Italian*. She sings in a most ravishing style ; plays to admiration on the harp, piano-forte and guitar !—But all these acquisitions lie dormant, because imperfect, and no occasion calls for their display. She has *come out*, to speculate for a Husband. She visits balls, and dances,—the most insipid automations do the same, She attends a Concert, where hired proficientes excel her in every thing, where she even permitted to display her accomplishments. All private parties are transformed into *Dances*, where it is impossible either to sing, or play. Nobody talks *French* in fashionable circles, nor is it understood better than *Latin* or *Italian*.—She cannot remain at home long, and when there, fashionable practices preclude, in like manner, any obtrusion of her acquirements : that would be termed *vulgar*. She dare not *think for herself*, because

*Fashion* has erected her standard of action, to deviate from which is high treason towards her majesty ! To read, write, or sew, is equally impossible. When confined at home, by the weather, she frets in impatience, till it clears off, and permits her to promenade through *Chesnut-street* !

"Mr. Gorious, you mope, cried Flora, interrupting my sketch. She expressed it, in a tone, half mortified, half angry, half sorryful ! Are there *three halves* to a *tone* !

"Miss Flora, I answered, can you make a pie, or a pudding or cure meat ; or make jelly, or stuff a goose, or bone a turkey. or"——

"Make a man of Genius a man of sense," interrupted my Aunt, taking up my words. I felt the justness of the rebuke. My inward reflections had broken out into language and carried me beyond the limits of propriety or politeness. I asked her pardon ! she answered me by observing, "they are not *fashionable* accomplishments!"—"fashionable indeed cried my aunt ! would you make all our ladies of quality mere drabs of house-keepers and cooks.

My surmise was correct. *Flora* could do nothing which was *useful*, and had no opportunity of doing what was *pleasing* ! "Good God ! said I inwardly ! what a monster is *fashionable education* ! If woman was ordained exclusively for perpetual flirtation in the airy regions of folly, and of *nothingness* ; doomed to unceasing celibacy, to growing selfishness ; to peevish solitude of heart, and frivolity of taste, then indeed, the present system would defy improvement !

but as the companion, wife, and solace of man ; the friend of his bosom, the——

“ Ah ! *Miss Edgeworth* is charming, indeed,” said *Flora*, to my aunt interrupting the train of my reflections. “ And on *Education*, she was never surpassed ; her system is *divine*,” said *Flora* with a sigh !

There was something wanting to complete my picture of *Flora*, and this remark at once furnished me the trait in full relief. *Flora* and *Miss Edgeworth* transformed into teachers of education, and creators of systems ! What a commentary on their own want of instruction, and wise discipline in their youth ! Had they received a *wise education*, neither of them would thus have presumed, to propound systems, or decide upon principles beyond the reach of the most disciplined and acute philosophy ! Good Heavens ! where will my reflections now carry me ! sweet ! divine, *Miss Edgeworth* ! celestial ! intellectual *Flora* !—I began to see her in a worse light than ever Love ! I never loved her ! I never esteemed her ! I do not now even admire her. I think the roses on her cheeks are not natural ! she paints—and a woman who paints—“ will do any thing,” says the *apothegm*.

*Flora* arose and walked to the window. I could not keep my eyes from the amorous gracefulness of all her motions ; the lovely symmetry of her form ; the well-applied assistance of corsets and lace, to swell her figure into attractive proportions ! Ah ! this too is a part of her *education* ! She was brought up *to dress* ! But if she marries, will her husband never see her except in full uniform ?—will she dress

to please him? this accomplishment then is also deceptive! where is it most required, it is never exercised towards the proper object and on the proper occasion.

"Well, good bye, Miss Tabitha," said *Flora* going towards the door which I sprang forward to open just as *Flora* had placed her hand upon the lock, and thus our hands encountered each other. I felt a thrill even to my heart. I thought her hand pressed upon mine. My blood felt feverish.—"Good bye cried she, with affected vivacity, I fear your atmosphere here is loaded with *blue miasma*, so infectious and so deadly to blightsome cheerfulness! Well Mr. Gorious, I sincerely hope you may never become the *Founder* of an *Asylum* for *Hypochondriacks*!" "And I, Miss *Flora*, sincerely and devoutly pray, that you may never become the *Patroness* of a *Receptacle* for —*old Bachelors*!" "Hah! I know your meaning sir, You mean *old maids*! But I'll remember you for it!" "Thanks then to *Miss Edgeworth*, and modern education derived from fashionable *Boarding Schools*!" answered I, and being out of humour with my Aunt, my poem, and with *Flora*, retired to my closet, there to examine the Literary Criminals that I had doomed to *nine years solitary confinement*, according to the precept of *Horace*.



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER X.

LITERARY CLUBS.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame?  
Who then with incense shall adore our name?  
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride  
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.  
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,  
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.

POPE.

I am just returned from a meeting of a *Literary Club*, of which I have the honour to be the founder. It is composed of a set of choice intellectual spirits, who despising the charlatany of *grave and dignified* bodies of learned men, whose importance is derived from the solemnity of forms, and the seals of parchments, are more inclined to give a free and unrestrained exercise to the play of their wit, than to rest contented with the empty title of an L. L. D., that forever after forbids them to smile, joke, make a pun, or give any risible evidence of possessing a vivacity of intellect, or a fecundity of fancy.

Our Club has a *name*, and that's all it has which resembles any other society, which has been instituted to encourage the breed of mules, or to pro-



mote the diffusion of the *cacoethes scribendi et loquendi*, which formal and ponderous societies are so apt to crush in their cold embraces. We meet as inclination prompts us ; our room is always ready, and the door if not always open, stands *ready* to be opened by the hand of a member, without the formality of a janitor, a ticket, or a summons. We have assumed the appellation of *Sophists*, or Learned Men, but like most other societies we give very little demonstration of the truth of our title, by our conversation. We have no President, having learned from observation that a President is generally the dullest, and most sleepy member of all societies ; besides, that we are from principle opposed to all aristocratical distinctions, and contend that men should only be distinguished by superiority of mind, by the sparkling of their wit, the value of their learning, the brightness of their fancy, and the solidity of their judgment. Having no rules to repress the freedom of discourse into cold respect, and no restraints which damp the rising ardour of the creative soul, as it buds in eloquence on the lips, we mingle, in an intellectual sense, as if in a state of Nature, our ideas kissing, toying and gamboling with each other, in the full and bounding consciousness of innocent imagination.—One thing may be set down as certain, according to the *Constitution* of our society, by which I mean its *want* of a Constitution, no man proud either in mind, or purse, can possibly find entrance into our club, however highly recommended by his parts, being excluded by the *single black ball* of *own mind*. At present our number is small, as may na-

turally be supposed, for genuine wit is a rare commodity, not exceeding a dozen; but any gentleman who can unroll the certificate of his soul, and prove himself—not stupid, no chewer of opium, and no beggar of half-pence, or retailer of broken ideas may be sure of being admitted an honourable member of the *Sophist's Club*.

I intend, for the illumination of posterity, to give a sketch of some of our most distinguished and eminent *Sophists*, as they are well worthy of the pointed attention of the present, and all future ages.—But as they are all *originals*, we shall not shock the orthodox dulness of the times by more than one or two descriptions at once of

“*Their classical profiles and quizzical dresses.*”

I cannot explain it, but the fact will not admit of denial—that men distinguished for their minds are almost invariably ugly and deformed, or disagreeable in their visage and person, or if comely, repulsive and unpleasant in their manners. A finer set of uglier rogues never met together than our *Sophists*. Now there is our brightest wit, *Clamero*. His mouth is a perfect lion's, his nose is a complete bottle, with the neck for its bridge; his eyes are like the twinklings of a pigs, only they squint in horrible discord. But his person is more out of proportion even than his face, but indescribable, consistently with the belief of the reader, who would denounce a true portrait as a fiction. His mind however, amply compensates for this defect. This is indeed celestial, both in point of judgment and imagination, but his wit excels every thing, *Clamero* no sooner hobbles into

the Club room, (being lame in one leg) than he is sure to excite a burst of laughter and merriment, by some witty and facetious remark, the like of which was never heard before. I will not attempt to paint his jokes or his witticisms; such bon-mots seldom read well, and never produce that effect on paper, which they do *viva voce*, coming as it were hot from the mind to the tongue, and burning from the tongue to the ears of the stander-by. Clamero in fact, is the very heart of our Club; he gives it warmth, life, circulation, and in return excites many a laugh at his own expense; but we never jest upon his personal defects, always restraining ourselves within the strictest bounds of decorum, upon this touchy point, and of which the tact and delicacy of taste that distinguishes all our Sophists, affords us an unerring clue. It must not be supposed that because we are ugly, deformed and void of stately rules to keep us ribbed in stiff formality, that we are therefore rude, ill bred or petulant. Far from it are the distinguished members of the *Sophists Club*, whose minds glitter with the treasure of science, and flash with the coruscations of wit; while a dingy dress, or ugly visage, obscures the outward man. To confess the truth, the most discreditable feature in our Club is the lack of a clean and entire coat, the snow white purity of shirt and neckcloth, and all that personal neatness, (sarcastically styled Corinthianism) which is so great a charm both in the eyes of man and woman, and so great an object of adoration to the world. A *Sophos*, cannot pay his devoirs to two gods at the same time, and cultivate the toilet while

he imbibes learning in the temple of the muses, even supposing his finances to be in a condition auspicious to *dandyism*. As the mind is cultivated the body must remain fallow, especially when the harvest of the former will not furnish decent covering for the latter, which is often the case with our Club, who are frequently compelled to pay for a new suit, by going through the progress of legal acquitment, and acquaint an ill natured world with the *shifts* to which men of genius are obliged to resort in order to preserve their *reputation*. This is more especially the case with our grand wit *Clamero*, who is sensibly alive to the luxury of a *clean* costume, but so indifferent as to its cut and fashion, that he might often be taken for the body of an *ancient*, who had realized his resurrection before the last day. His coat hangs about him like an old woman's loose gown, and often excites me to something more than a *smile*, when his long and lank figure associates in my mind, the scare-crows erected in the fields by farmers, who suspend an old red flannel petticoat at the top of a long pole, and on that again, throw the old crown of a hat that has lost the brim, making altogether a most hedious *rag statue*, for the elements to spend their wrath on. Such is the taste of our great wit *Clamero*. Poor fellow, who can help sighing over the cruel necessities of men of Letters.

"Doom'd to eternal head-aches and old tomes,  
"An Ode on Hunger, or a song of groans."

Yet to hear *Clamero* talk you would suppose the greatest dandy of the court, was holding forth a dis-

sertation upon fashion, taste, and the luxury of dress. He criticises Watsons' cut as being too extravagant, and not *classical*, and even extends the lash of his critical acumen to the fashionable mantua-makers of our *belles*, and while he sighs forth, "Oh, Greece, Greece! celestial Greece," you would imagine our women the very slatterns of the world in point of elegance and grace. But here he is wrong, and I cannot suffer the occasion to pass, without observing for his edification, that it was rather the *Aspasia's* of Greece, as it is here the Cyprians of America, who displayed most taste in dress, while chaste matrons, and blushing virgins were content to attire themselves in the most simple costume. But whither have I digressed? from the club of the Sophists, to the Cyprians of Greece and Philadelphia! let not the conjunction, however, operate to the prejudice of the most happy and philanthropic society of learned men that ever shed the beams of brotherly love over the irritable world of authors, scoliasts, commentators, and compilers. Our Club, can neither provoke envy nor jealousy; it is too humble for the one, and too beneficent for the other. Literature can only become an object of envy to mankind in general by being associated with opulence and rank. The Club of Sophists are poor, because they delight more in intellectual pleasures, than gainful enterprises; and as they who give themselves up to the pleasing illusions of the imagination, soon become alienated from the sordid speculations of the world, it is not surprising to find such an assembly of learned men, quite as ethereal in their estates, as in their *extatic visions*.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XI.

A SOLEMN ORATION ON FASHION.

Every Lady of the land  
Should have her tail so long trailing,  
That where'er they go, it may be seen,  
How kirk and causey they sweep clean.

SIR DAVID LYNDSEAY MODERNIZED.

It is a subject for deep lamentation, in an age when Philosophy has got the start of common sense, and science progresses on principles, whose rapidity of motion eludes the keenest vision ; that no attention has yet been given by the benefactors of mankind, to the study of *Fashion*, as an exalted and seperate department of human knowledge, every way worthy of the labours of the recondite, the investigations of the curious, and the encouragement of Colleges. Acting on the sublime doctrine of *perfectability*, how can we possibly excuse or justify this omission ? Fashion that rules the world, is permitted to slumber in unimproved barbarity and rudeness, its principles unknown, its influence capricious, and its whole system an undigested mass of incongruous notions. The fact rebukes us in eloquent and plaintive terms, and justly casts a stigma upon our universities, our pro-

fessors, our philosophical societies, and the entire concatenation of all our ramifications of Literature and science.

The immutability of human greatness, or of celebrated inventions, has always been a serious disideratum with Philosophers, and has afforded a brilliant theme for the play of an excursive fancy. The fleeting and imperfect condition of all terrestrial nature, impresses the mind with rational melancholy, as proclaiming the transitory nature of every thing human. It is the object of an enlightened philosophy to arrest the progress of decay, to reduce chaos to harmony, and to bring order out of confusion. Let not *Fashion* therefore forever remain buried in primeval crudeness and disorder!

When we moralize over the ruins of departed grandeur, or sigh as we contemplate the slow advances of instinctive improvement, devoid of the lights of science, the heart of benevolence throbs with ardent desire to improve the condition of that knowledge, without which, even the professors of science descend to the vulgarity of the sloven, and poets and philosophers lose the aid of the graces to recommend them to the admiration of mankind. Had Dr. Johnson been a *Professor of Fashion*, or a *Doctor of the Graces*, instead of an L. L. D., how different would have been the character of his *Rambler*, and how much more illustrious, the courtly career of this slouchy pensioner! Could he have caught but one of the graces of *Chesterfield*, how different might have been the fate and condition of *Fashion*! His powerful pen would have given it harmony, arranged it into sys-

tem, and moulded its now rude and transitory shape, into permanency of principle, symmetry of proportion, and beauty of arrangement.

When we remember the sudden extremes to which Fashion is liable, when we call to mind the rage for pinching stays, swelling hoops, and towering head dresses, that once prevailed, and now contemplate the passion that fires every virgin, matron, and widowed bosom, for a slim form, a divided bust, and an enveloped arm, we must feel disposed to weep over the neglect of a department of knowledge which has left us without a controlling principle to regulate its extravagant transitions.

The variations of Fashion must always excite exalted emotions, and inspire sublime conceptions. Nature has allotted *Fashion* as a mark of distinction to those, who despising the petty avocations of Literature, War, or Politics, soar to immortality upon the cut of a coat, or become as notorious for the tie of a cravat, as Homer for his Paternal Epic. That Fashion was bestowed on man for the purpose of a more full developement of his mental powers, no doubt can now be entertained. As a mark of distinction, it is a great incentive to the noblest ambition. Originally the attendant of wealth, it has now become the mark and criterion of merit: So that its primary folly seems to have been lost in a rational application of silly principles to a noble purpose. Once the measure of a man's purse it is now the more excellent criterion of his taste, his modesty, and his genius.

It is in the shades of antiquity that we must search



for the germs of improvement. From darkness we strike out light, and take a lesson in wisdom, from the folly of our ancestors. Let us see if we cannot elicit some great and lucid principle, to govern our speculations on *Fashion*, from the records of past time.

If we can recognize in some of the current fashions of the day, a resemblance to the customs, contours, and habiliments of our *Anglo-Saxon* ancestors, as I think might satisfactorily be shown; it opens to view, at once, the secret governing principle, which nature has established in respect to the vicissitudes of fashion. Indeed, both analogy and experience proclaim in pretty intelligible language, that *fashion* may be regulated even by the want of *invention*, which will compel us to a gradual change, or transition from one cut or form to another, till the whole circle of the revolution being completed, we must commence it anew; and in this manner, we may arrange all the fashions of half a century, with their stipulated periods of use and disuse, with the same precision that we regulate the meals of the day, or the divisions and subdivisions of time.

It appears by statutes still preserved, and records rendered authentic by accidental agreement with one another, that about the year 1460, during the reign of James 2d of Scotland, (in matters of importance *dates* also become important) an edict of that Prince was issued, which prohibited any woman from appearing at *church*, or coming to *market*, with her face *muzzled* or covered. This ancient fashion of wearing veils, has for many ages revolved into use

and disuse, in regular periods of alternate cessation and adoption.

From the exuberant richness of antiquarian knowledge upon this interesting subject, I feel convinced that leisure and research are alone wanting, to give to Fashion the stability of a science, and the regular beauty of a standard art. This, however, cannot be accomplished without public patronage ; and I therefore propose, that a new chair be instituted in our University, appropriated to disquisitions upon the science of wigs, cues, coats, cravats, canes, &c.—Should the choice of *Professor* fall upon me, I can only declare that while I do not seek the honour, it shall be my pride and ambition to discharge its duties with fidelity, and exalt to its proper sphere a department of knowledge, now unjustly condemned to grovel in stupid mediocrity.



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XII.

COURAGE OF A MAN OF FAMILY.

Vain all your care, vain all your outward pride,  
No art the inward man, can ever hide.

It is now some years, since an old and revered uncle, to whom I was indebted for my education, paid that debt to nature, which no art can evade, or procrastinate beyond the period of its maturity.—My uncle, was passionately devoted, in the latter days of his existence, to what has been thought characteristic of old age—*narrative*. Among the stories, which I remember he took peculiar delight in repeating, was that of a Colonial officer in the Militia; whose real rank was that of a Colonel, but who always took especial care, to entitle himself General—General Drumfield. But I am anticipating a part of my story, which will more properly come in place, hereafter.

The time, was about ten years prior to the Revolutionary War; when the Coffee House and Exchange of this renowned city, was located in the antique structure, which now stands at the south-west corner of Front and High-street. This was the usu-

al resort at that period, for all the great men of the day ; as Kitchen's is now for those of the present.— It was the favourite and particular resort of the famous General to whom my story alludes. Here would he spend many a joyous, hour, over the curling clouds of his pipe ; occasionally refreshed by his his mug of cider. Cigars were little used, in those days ; and the General seldom, touched his pipe, but he indulged at the same time, in one of those musical and refreshing visions, which abandon the head to the force of gravity, and gives *audible* indications of having ascended from this ball of earth, to a happier sphere. It was unhappily the lot of General Drumfield to be a man of Fortune and of leisure ; and he rarely took one pipe, but he longed to take a whiff of the second, and then of the third. But he neither smoked, nor drank in silence ; he was a hero, a man of spirit, and a Patriot ; or at least passed for such, till the changes of the time gradually eventuated in the Revolution, and disclosed his real character.

I think I see the general standing before me now, as he was described to me, by my uncle Halloway.— Dressed in his long-waisted coat, whose expansive skirts met in front, ornamented with huge buttons located upon each hip bone, and amply supplied with folds ; he afforded a figure, both dignified and respectful ; notwithstanding the smallness of his stature, and its resemblance to the grotesque. His wig was large and well powdered ; his shoes of the same generous fashion, ample and ponderous, with silver buckles of proportionate dimensions. He wore a

little cocked-hat, and a sword by his side ; the former giving him a fierce and martial air, by being inclined to an angle of defiance. Thus attired, keeping tune with his gold headed cane ,as he marched forward, erect as if at the head of a company ; all was bustle and attention, as soon as the General entered the Coffee-House, at his usual hour, of ten in the morning. " Well General, good morning, Colonel, what news," came from half a dozen, or a score of dandies and idlers at the same time.—Drumfield had made it a rule never to answer a man who called him Colonel ; but to those who styled him General, he was ever courteous, affable, and loquacious. " The news, gentlemen, is, I am sorry to say it, that there is no War ! The world is losing its spirit ; it lacks courage ; priestcraft will ruin, debase and enslave us."—" No war, General, why the Indians are scalping our people, within sixty miles of our capital !" answered a little satirical fellow, in a black jacket, and yellow leather breeches, who was a wealthy skin-dresser.—" War with savages, sir ; aye, but what gentleman, or *man of family*, would fight with savages ? Sir, my mother was the daughter of a General, under *William and Mary* ; and knighted by the sainted Queen Anne ! Civilised war, sir, is the war for gentlemen. Now, sir, I should like to have a cut or two at the *French*."—There was a certain bow-wow way of speaking, peculiar to the Colonel, which made his words go a great way, when his reason might have fallen short—His manner of speaking was perfectly *Johnsonian*.

" If a man has courage, said the skin-dresser, I

94 *Courage of a Mad of Family.*

think he may show it as well, against *Savages*; aye, and more so, than in killing his own civil and polite fellow men."—"Your remark proves you but half-civilized sir, said the Colonel.—For example, I march out to give battle to the savages. Well! We have a forest on each side of us Well!—The savages lie concealed in the bushes! very well.—They aim at our officers, and we all fall dead!—Well! We have not forgotten Braddock's defeat.—Well—Now see the gentlemanly nature of civilized war, by the contrast.—A civilized enemy gives you an open field, and broad day light The two armies approach.—They squint at one another, at a long shot. The commanders are polite men; men of family; and often prefer a retreat to a battle. Well! They reconnoitre; they draw out in order for battle—the officers are snug, the distance is respectable; a few of the file are killed, a few wounded; those who cant stand, retreat—the brave have the victory and live to enjoy their Laurels Now, sir, this is civil and honourable as it ought to be. Give me civil war sir!"—"God forbid! cried a little merchant, who that moment entered; I think we have enough to do with savages." The General looked on him with a smile of compassion for what he conceived to be his ignorance; lit his pipe for a third time and resumed his discourse, that, "it was a great pity, there was no war! no decent, civilized war!"

"It was the most amusing sight in the world, said my uncle, to see the colonel, marching and strutting up and down, in front of the Coffee House; ejaculating his prayers to Mars, for a war, *suitable to a man of family.* Such a war, as General Drumfield might

serve in, without contaminating his blood, by having it mixed with the base earth he trod on "

War with the *French* at last came, like the messenger of bliss, to a tortured sinner. Now was the colonel to reap his harvest of glory, in battle with the most polite and civil people, upon earth.—The colonel had filled his second pipe that morning, when the little skin dresser, rushed into the Coffee-House, nearly out of breath ! " General, general, general, I give you joy ; I give you joy ! You are made, you are immortal ! Now general, now"—" Sainted Queen Anne ! what could have happened, cried the general. Some good fortune, say you ; out with it, sir ; delay not my raptures ; come we'll have an extra mug of cider !"—" War ! war ! war ! cried the little skin dresser ! Now, general, you shall have a cut or two at the *French* !" The countenance of the colonel, at these words, evidently fell to the peace posture ; and his pipe, rested with one end on the table, till it gradually went out. But the colonel had appearances to keep up.—" War, say you ; and with the *French* too ! wonderful by the sainted Queen Anne ! I rejoice, sir, I have now an opportunity to show the valour of a man of family, in the defence of his country. But still my heart bleeds for the widows and the orphans, it will cast upon the world."

" We shall have all the savages of the north upon our backs, said the little merchant ; let loose by these cursed French !"

The countenance of the general brightened he raised his pipe to his mouth, and drew his sword from between his legs, with a very military air :—



"It is a pity, such a polite people, should employ savages, said he ; as it prevents men of family, and standing, from fighting the battles of the country.—It convinces me, sir, that extreme civility borders upon barbarism.—Now, sir, I had myself intended to have had a cut or two at these *French*. But where is security for barbarous treatment, if they employ savages?" Thus the general once more bought off his services ; and during the war, preserved the dignified ease of his corner and his pipe, in the High-street Coffee House, unmolested by the ferocity of the savages, or the extreme politeness of the *French*.

The general, alias colonel, was fortunately for himself, a *single man* ; this he always called himself, despising, as he did in his heart, the vulgar epithet of *old batchelor*. He dined at the high-street Coffee-House ; and took his tea and his breakfast with his landlady, at his lodgings. In the summer afternoons, it was his custom, to stroll through the woods, which then extended from eight-street to the centre square, with *Ovid's love* in his *hand*, and a volume on military discipline, in his *pocket*.

The time at length arrived, which was to test the courage of General Drumfield ; the time which *tried men's souls* ; which sent the foes of liberty into exile ; its friends and patriots to the tomb, and exalted its successful champions, to imperishable and brilliant renown —It was now the eve of the Revolution. The eloquence of *Henry*, had struck on the nerve of every friend to Liberty ; while the oppressions and tyranny of the British, had roused even those disposed

to be slaves, to indignation and resistance ! The general was *at tea*, with his landlady, when he first learnt the famous exploit of the friends of Liberty at Boston upon that baneful *herb*, the source at once of war and scandal !—The cup and saucer rattled in his trembling hand as he raised them to his lips. “ His majesty will never bear it, cried the General, between a sigh and a sob. It is unpardonable. Yet it is surely a savage practice to shed blood for a cup of tea !”—But his landlady was of a different opinion ; declaring, that “ if there was any thing in the world, worth fighting for, it was a good cup of tea !”

The General was an hour later, the next morning, in appearing upon change !—He had passed a restless night. His wig leaned too much on one side. He left home, without his sword ; and one of his knee-buckles hung loose !—His very appearance was ominous of discord, and civil war.—“ Well Colonel, exclaimed the little merchant, you wanted a civil war, and now, I fear, you will have it.”—“ I hope not against the king’s authority, said the General.—His majesty is the fountain of honour, titles and noble blood ! We should have no genteel generals, no men of family without the king.”

The words of Drumfield were never forgotten.—The storm of the Revolution came. Parties raged with violence ; and the *tories* were menaced with persecution. But the whole merit of terrifying General Drumfield out of the country, by the force of a joke, belonged to the skin dresser ; who so impressed his mind, with the horrors of a coat of tar and feathers, that he began to waste in flesh :

98      *Courage of a Man of Family.*

and gradually dropt every sign and decoration, which marked him for an officer of *his majesty* !—At last, wearied out both in body and mind, the valiant Militia General, sought a hasty refuge, in *his majesty's* dominions ; leaving a trunk of papers behind him in his lodgings, among which a letter was discovered, which gave intelligence, that the father of this celebrated gentleman soldier, was transported to America, for picking the pockets of his civilized fellow subjects.—

Among his papers, many curious letters, and interesting documents were discovered ; among which I am happy to say, are his *epistles to his mistress* ; who crossed him in love ; and enough other matter, to furnish out many interesting narratives, for the improvement and edification of the present plebeian generation.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XIII.

THE STORY OF LUCINDA.

Can he who loves me, whom I love deceive ?  
Can I such wrong of one so kind believe,  
Who lives but in my smile, who trembles when I  
grieve ?

He dar'd not marry, but we met to prove,  
What sad encroachments and deceits has love.

CRABBE.

FICTION is naturally possessed of such resistless charms to warm imaginations, and indolent minds, that few regard a picture from life, with that interest and attention, which its genuine features, and simplicity of manners, always excite, in the fancy of unperverted taste. Reality, however, when connected with vehemence of passion, and mystery of incident, sometimes excites curiosity, and fixes attention ; while the charm of the narrative, awakens the sympathy of the reader, and repays his toil, by pleasure and instruction. Whether this recompense of felicity, however, will attend me in the relation of the following story, I am far from being so bold as to promise ; although it is grounded upon actual crimes, and unfeigned calamities, that might well give rise to remorse or reformation, and beget ten-

derness and compassion, if not enforce truth, and recommend virtue.

It is the misfortune of passion, that it is always blind to the evils which attend upon crime, till it feels the pangs of transgression, and is driven by sorrow when too late, to unavailing repentance. It seems destined, therefore, never to profit by advice, or reason; but must run its career, till stopped by calamity, unless the early lessons of impressive instruction, should have bestowed the discipline necessary to control, and have inspired sentiments and principles favorable to virtue, and equally as powerful as the seductive adversaries they oppose. That the story of *Lucinda* may prove such a lesson, and powerfully counteract the tendencies of passion in the breast of youth, is the devout hope, which inspired the exertions it can alone reward.

*Lucinda* was the favorite daughter of a merchant of P———, whose long cherished hopes of seeing his only child happily established in life, were suddenly blasted by the stroke of death. The awkward diffidence of the untutored girl, was just giving place to the easy manners, and engaging modesty of the woman; judgement was succeeding to fancy, knowledge to instruction, and the graceful form and settled bloom of beautiful maturity, were beginning to chase away the transient flush of youth, when the father of *Lucinda* was seized by a fever, that speedily terminated his life, his affections, and his hopes. Thus in the most critical moment of existence, was she bereaved of a parent and a guardian, whose fondness would have gratified every ami-

able desire, and whose judgment would have called back to reason, every vagrant thought, and fluctuating feeling of her soul. She was now, of necessity, left to the control of a mother, whose unceasing occupations to procure subsistence absorbed her attention, and whose confidence in the discretion of her daughter, precluded that anxiety and fear, which is the incitement to vigilance, and the parent of every perfection ; which averts evil, while it attains good, and surpasses the promises of hope, by the salutary fruits of its apprehensions.

Her father was in reality, in a state of opulence at the time of his demise ; but the avarice, neglect, precipitancy, and unfaithfulness of his executors, dwindled his estate, till it grew to be insolvent ; and in two years after, his widow was thrown upon the world, to struggle for existence, whilst the friends of her late husband were rioting in riches plundered from his coffers. She immediately resorted to the customary resource in such exigencies, and established a lodging house.

From the death of her father, Lucinda had become extravagantly addicted to novel reading ; and the potent sway of her youthful feelings, and fervent imagination, met with no resistance from the advice of friendship, or the whisperings of reason. Her companions being of her own age, were equally volatile, and not less fond of the magic of romance ; but few or none could excel her in the delicacy of her sentiments, the acuteness of her sensibility, and the force of her feelings. While others were struggling to conceive, her thoughts rushed upon her mind

with natural quickness, and lucid perspicacity ; and when her companions were forcing to arouse their feelings, the emotions of Lucinda sprung with agitating impetuosity in her bosom ; her cheek would flush with their violence upon subjects unconnected with love, and the tremulous, but sweet and thrilling accents of her voice, bespoke the amiable tumult of her susceptible heart. Such sensibilities were dangerous even in a woman, inured to trials by experience, and in Lucinda they gleamed with a splendour, that forboded the hopeless misery of destruction, or the utmost perfection of mortal felicity.

To the transitory observer, the unhappy girl exhibited no symptoms of captivating beauty, either in the features of her countenance, or the form of her limbs ; but her face beamed with an expression that unveiled her heart to every beholder, and like the transparent covering of a glowing picture, revealed to view the loveliness of her soul. In the eyes of some, therefore, she was more than handsome, and in the judgement of others, richer than mines could have made her, by her native simplicity and freedom from dissimulation.

Lucinda had attained her nineteenth year, when an alarming disorder fell upon her that awakened the attention and anxiety of her remaining parent. A celebrated physician, eminent for his professional skill, and splendid fortune, was applied to ; and after two weeks attendance upon his patient, he beheld her in a state of rapid convalescence. The gratitude of the mother, and the languid thanks, that spoke *in eloquent silence*, from the countenance of the pa-

tient, seemed to yield him a recompence more touching to the heart and consoling to the mind of benevolence, than the fee of a prince, or a title of nobility could have conferred. As such they seemed to the physician, who expressed his joy in terms approaching to rapture, as he beheld the gradual return of bloom enlivening the aspect of Lucinda; as her veins swelled to the fullness of health, and her eyes melted in the languor of their wonted lustre. For some weeks after her complete recovery, the benevolent doctor still continued to visit her; and her mother, with a heart oppressed by gratitude, beheld with pleasure, the paternal attentions of a man, who promised to prove a second father to her child, and an unfailing friend to herself. A short period, however, beheld the discontinuance of his friendly visits; the doctor appeared no more, and the mother of Lucinda, too accustomed to the caprices of the great, and imputing his absence to the pressure of professional avocations, experienced neither surprise nor mortification, at an event, which she thought might have happened sooner, and could not wonder therefore, at its occurring so late. She very naturally neither considered it at the time as a great calamity nor a suspicious circumstance and in the bustle of her occupation, it passed off like other accidents, with an occasional expression of wonder, as to what had become of the good Doctor, to which Lucinda never replied, but by a blush, or faltering conjecture, so common to her mother's eye, as to be wholly disregarded by her Doctor Kinsman, for some time previous to the sick-



ness of Lucinda, had been harrassed by domestic cares, of no very singular nature; but not the less calamitous for the frequency of their occurrence. This connubial infelicity was occasioned by the jealous temper of his lady, whose passions sometimes rose to fury, and terminated in her confinement to her chamber. No matrimonial intercourse now subsisted between them, and it was whispered, that a final dissolution of the connection would speedily occur. The Doctor was indeed no longer youthful; and the trace of seven and thirty years, appeared in the venerable hoar, that partially shone on his forehead, in premature season. Neither his face, nor his person, could be termed handsome; his manners were agreeable, but his conversation reserved; while his eye spoke much meaning, which his heart would have gladly concealed; so inexplicable and potent, are the mysterious means, which nature has ordained for the unwilling revelation of disguised mischief.

A few months now revealed to Lucinda the public nature of her shame, and the full extent of her guilt; and her condition threatened too soon to publish to the world, the profligate treachery of her unprincipled physician, and his motives for deserting the victim of his crime. She now began to perceive, that to hide her unfortunate turpitude from her mother, would defy her arts, as long as she remained beneath the same roof; and that, as it must eventually be discovered, the frank and penitent confession of her lost innocence, she conceived to be the most prudent and expedient, if not the most fortunate course of conduct *to pursue; for candour and confidence, might win*

the forgiveness of her mother, when reserve and concealment, would only offend and exasperate her. After many bitter tears of sorrow, and sighs of shame and guilt; after many wakeful nights, full of woe and wretchedness, passed in contemplating the enormity of her conduct, in revolving the methods of retrieving her fame, or saving it from ruin; after shuddering with affright and horror, at the dreadful consequences that would await her indiscretion, if unmercifully cast off by her parent, she resolved to try the issue of a confession, and appeal to those feelings, which a mother and a female, anxious for the welfare of her only child, and concerned for the delicacy and honour of her sex, must naturally experience. She knew her mother to be proud, and that she valued herself for the unspotted virtue of countless generations of ancestors; here, therefore, she feared the greatest shock, and the most perilous danger; and if her pride could be preserved unwounded, she anticipated but little difficulty from the rigour of her virtue, when opposed to the affections of a mother, or balanced against the eternal misery of a helpless and protracted existence. Reasoning in this manner, with a consoling bias to the most flattering result, Lucinda passed some days in a calamitous conflict, between shame and duty, hope and grief, comfort and despair; but as every doubt must at last seek repose in certitude, and every conflict terminate in some kind of resolution, so did she eventually find some relief in the determination, to reveal to her parent the secret of her misery; and at the same time, suggest the

means that might safely be pursued for the concealment of her guilt.

An opportunity for this painful confession soon occurred, that forever changed the principles and the conduct of both the mother and the daughter. The difficulty of her condition, taught her the use of all that art, address, and eloquence, with which the most famous orators, of antiquity, or the Temple, would open and advocate the cause of a client ; and the excessive agitation of her feelings, while it seemed to enforce her arguments, did not distract her thoughts. She first related the remedy, then avowed the crime ; she pictured the arts of her seducer, and the strength of the temptation, then confessed the weakness of her virtue, and the calamity of her fall. In truth, every argument that could move the tenderest feelings of the mother, were successfully pleaded, she loved her daughter too much, and valued her own reputation too highly, to view her crime with the unrelenting rigour of a Roman parent ; interest and pride triumphed over virtue and religion ; affection bowed to vice, and mercy yielded to justice ; the daughter was forgiven because her fault could be *concealed*, and the consequences of the concealment were never reflected on, till the duplicity and injustice of their conduct, was subsequently evinced in the deception it gave birth to. Thus crime is always short sighted in devising the means of security, and hypocrisy never fails to deplore in the end the cheats that it stoops to practice !

An excursion to a remote part of the state, under the pretence of a relapse, and the necessity of breath-

ing a pure air, was undertaken, as Lucinda's pregnancy advanced, so as to render suspicion impossible, and the mother and daughter were safely lodged in a log hut, beneath the mountains of Allegany, three months previous to the time of her confinement. Here, her mother left her, under an assumed name, in the character of an unfortunate widow, having provided her with a nurse, and every requisite comfort, that her situation might require. At the destined period Lucinda gave birth to a son, and the only tear that moistened his infant cheek, as she pressed him to her bosom, arose from a mother's regret, that she must forever part from her lovely offspring. The conviction of her security, and the concealment of her crime, seemed to have effaced every recollection of her imprudent conduct, and that she was stained with an impurity, which nothing but heart felt contrition could wash away. Often would she press her child to her breast, with all the warmth of maternal love, distracted at the thought of separation; and yield to the tears that softened the affliction of her heart. Yet the moment so dreaded by her, could neither be protracted nor escaped; and the greatest punishment that followed as the consequence of her sin, was the everlasting farewell which she was compelled to take of the innocent issue of her shame. A kiss of anguish, and a burst of despair, were the signal of eternal separation!

Lucinda now returned to town, and gave out that she was perfectly recovered from a dangerous consumption. She was congratulated by her friends upon the occasion, and no ceremonial was omitted,

which could impress the counterfeited cause of her removal, upon the minds of her acquaintance. Happily for her reputation, her arts completely succeeded; she was still respected as an unspotted virgin, and admired as a blooming girl, who was a modest candidate for the honours of hymen, and the joys of love.

The miserable issue of her indiscretion was immediately fostered by a countrywoman, in consideration of a present of a hundred dollars; a sum which she deemed inexhaustible, and more than a recompense for her trouble; for having lost an infant of her own just before, she viewed him as a blessing which heaven had sent to console her misfortune. This woman's name was Rachael Mundsley; and the little heir of Lucinda's shame was christened by the name of *Michael*; and doomed like *Savage*, to be cast among the lower class of labourers, from which the respectable character, and rank of his parents would have rescued him, if the stigma of bastardy had not been cruelly affixed to his nature by the sinful passions of the authors of his being. Whether like *Savage*, however, he was endued with genius, and destined to penury, I have not been able to discover; should this paper ever meet his eye, or be perused by any one who can give a narrative of his life and adventures, after he was driven from the house of his mother, the favour will be properly appreciated. To return, however, to the indiscreet Lucinda.

Time now rolled away, unmarked by incident, or made tedious by disaster; and the only change which *her calamity* had wrought in her person, was appa-

rent in her manners. From being of a free, light, and familiar carriage and disposition, Lucinda was suddenly transformed into the reserved and prudish girl, whose delicacy was fastidious, and who overacted the part of modesty and prudence; her levity had changed to a grave demeanor, which bespoke in the estimation of her friends, the maturity of reason, which had permitted the effervescence of fancy to subside, and the solidity of judgment to assume its reign. Her smiles were now dispensed with great circumspection; her words were uttered with slow deliberation, expressive of the caution with which she formed her opinions, and every gesture and motion of her body was made to correspond with the apparent chastity of her mind, and purity of her actions. Thus does innocence always lose its simplicity with its virtue; and the native freedom, ease, and hilarity of the soul, sinks to the affectation of prudery, reserve, and coldness! Through so transparent a veil of fastidiousness, who cannot always discern the consciousness of guilt?

One crime unrepented of, seldom fails to lead to another; and he who disguises his character by fraud or concealment, must extend the deception to preclude discovery, through increased guilt, and complicated evil. Such is the gradation of vice, and the influence of opinion; and such was the consummation of wickedness, into which Lucinda was now betrayed by the force of her feelings, the dread of a discovery, and the prospect of opulence. An effectual remedy now soon presented itself, which was forever to effect a cure of her reputation; and a wor-

thy man was to become the unconscious dupe of a crafty woman, more politic than wicked, and more a slave to feeling than a votary of vice. Nothing could possibly obstruct this event, but the caprice of the female, or the coolness of the suitor ; for the Doctor kept his own council too religiously, to betray the guilt of his victim, at the sacrifice of his own fame ; he was contented with the pleasure of the triumph, without effecting the total ruin of the poor girl, and often inwardly exulted in the force of his own virtue, which could abstain through motives of self-love, from wantonly blasting with the breath of infamy, the helpless object of his passion and depravity. But I must defer to another paper, the conclusion of Lucinda's narrative.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XIV.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF LUCINDA.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
Then trembles into silence as before."

THE CORSAIR.

The person who now addressed Lucinda with honorable intentions, and an affection, which if not romantic, was at least fervent and sincere, was a Doctor Warren, a young clergyman of the Episcopal Church, with whom her mother had grown intimate by her frequent attendance at prayer meetings, and religious societies. Lucinda appeared to him all that a man could desire in a woman whom he selected as a companion for life. Her craft on this occasion, was effectually dissembled; her selfishness suppressed, and her want of innocence, veiled under an affectation of coyness and retiring modesty, that completely succeeded in blinding her admirer. After a lapse of some months courtship which to Lucinda was a tedious protraction of her destiny, her union with the young clergyman was at length consummated, to the unspeakable happiness of the mother, and



the great relief of the daughter, who with all her art and duplicity, still found it irksome to act a part, entirely foreign to her real feelings ; for deception and hypocrisy were both revolting to her mind, and she inwardly thought, that it would more promote her happiness, to live as the mistress, than the wife of a man, on such terms, so irksome and painful to her was that restraint, which the *consciousness* of indiscretion, and the fear of disgrace, had induced in her conduct.

Year rolled away after year, and Lucinda successively gave birth to three children, without any serious event occurring, to break in upon the conjugal felicity of the young clergyman, and his wife ; who if he was not satisfied in every point with the object of his choice, yet saw no reason to repine at his destiny. The anticipations of courtship are seldom fully realized by marriage, and not to be miserable, is frequently the negative happiness with which husbands are glad to rest contented.

But this calm was of short duration.—The woman in the mountains, with whom the son of Lucinda had been left, appeared one morning, at the door of Dr. Warren's dwelling, with every appearance of squalid poverty, leading by the hand a miserable and woe-begone looking boy, clothed in rags, and without a shoe to his foot. Her application to speak with *the Lady*, as she termed Lucinda, was answered by the menial, like all other similar appeals, with a refusal ; as they naturally concluded her object to be alms. The woman, however, refused to depart and earnestly begged to see the lady, on a particu-

lar business, that concerned the happiness of the lady herself. Thus appealed to, the servant invited her into the hall, and went to apprise Mrs. Warren of the visitor who requested to see her.

Time, happiness, and the new affections springing from the endeared relations of wife and mother, had nearly altogether effaced from the memory of Lucinda, the incidents and adventures attending her secret confinement in the mountains. Suspicion she could not therefore feel, much less could she recognize in the altered person and features of the wretched mendicant, the once healthful and happy *Rachael Mundsley*, the foster mother of her illegitimate son.

Dr. Warren was charitable from principle, and he was humane and benevolent from the best feelings. Observing the woman and boy in the hall, he called them into the parlour, where Lucinda and himself were engaged, in listening to one of their daughters reciting a school task.

Rachael no sooner beheld Lucinda than she burst into a fit of weeping. "Oh madam! cried she, I have brought you your poor child, that you left in the Allegany, that you may save him from starving. My poor man you know died, and left me, as I may say, nothing; and sickness fell upon me after you left us, and poverty, and want, and I have travelled all this way, to get relief from you, madam! Michael is a pretty boy, when he is clean—run Michael, and kiss your mother, your real natural mother, Michael and ask her blessing."

This was the spontaneous burst of ignorance and simplicity, in a mind clouded by the horrid effects

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of confirmed intemperance. Unacquainted with the indiscretion and mystery of Lucinda's conduct, and not better informed as to her present circumstances, it is not surprising, that she should thus give vent to a fact, which, however, she must have supposed in any state of mind, entirely harmless.

Lucinda at the conclusion of Rachael's speech screamed with affright and astonishment, and fell from her chair to the floor, in a state of insensibility.

This gave a fatal blow to the confidence of her husband. He felt the shock, and clasped his temples with his hands in a paroxysm of agony. Assistance was instantly procured for Lucinda, and she speedily recovered. Taken by surprise, her self-possession forsook her; she hid her face in her handkerchief and wept in agony; then throwing herself wildly at the feet of her husband, she besought him to forgive her, pity her, and forget the past. Rachael stood a mute spectator, petrified with wonder at all she beheld. The unhappy husband, now a prey to the most wretched and overwhelming feelings, still possessed sufficient presence of mind to request Rachael to retire, and to send the children who had now gathered sobbing and weeping around the wretched parents, into another apartment. His wife still remained on her knees, in the supplicating posture of a penitent. A mind of sensibility that loves with passion, cannot behold the object prostrated in self-humiliation with indifference. The husband of Lucinda loved her; but he loved her, as a pure, spotless, and ~~guiltless~~ wife. He was about to raise her, when

she confessed she had deceived him—that she had borne a son prior to her marriage—that she was unworthy of him, yet loved and honored her husband beyond all human beings. Recoiling from her, as she proclaimed her guilt, the miserable man was struck with horror and astonishment. Naturally endued with delicacy of taste and passion; enamoured of virtue and easily disgusted with every opposite quality, her husband felt the intelligence lacerate his heart. He loved Lucinda fondly, tenderly, first as his wife, and again as the mother of his helpless, beautiful, and innocent children. But his peace was now broken forever, he felt he had been imposed upon, abused and made the dupe to a wily woman's subtle arts and dissimulation. The woman of his choice no longer chaste, he felt himself linked, as it were with vice, and in love with that very corruption, which his soul abhorred. Shame, pride, yes, humanity too, urged him to conceal the guilt of the unhappy Lucinda. He forgave her, he raised her from her posture of humiliation—he felt he was discharging the duty of a christian, of a father, of a husband. But he could not *forget*, nor could he quell the thoughts and feelings of fire that inwardly consumed his peace, and rendered existence torture. He provided for the outcast woman, who had been the unconscious cause of all his misery, and placed the boy in a situation, calculated to nurture him to virtue and usefulness.

The discovery of her indiscretion wrought a change in the mind of Lucinda equal to that which it produced on the happiness of her husband. A woman whose frailty is revealed, is no longer an

equal with the virtuous. She felt her humiliation; she felt, for the first time, that she truly and deeply loved her husband, and this feeling was accompanied by the bitter and heart corroding thought, that he could no longer love her.—She saw him now in a new and brighter light; his virtues and perfections struck her more forcibly than ever; and she felt an awe mingled with her love for him, which she was before a stranger to;—while her own character sunk in proportionate degradation, as she called to mind her guilt, her duplicity, and her arts. Remorse, melancholy, and self-upbraiding, made existence a burthen to her.

Forgiveness without confidence, Love without passion, friendship without joy, are the certain precursors of broken hearts. The smile of pleasure no longer played upon Lucinda's cheek, sparkled in her eye, or gave animation to her tongue. All was cold, silent, death-inducing melancholy. The unconscious sigh—the absent mind, absorbed in fatal reverie, denoted the catastrophe that was fast approaching, had not disease anticipated the heart's explosion. Her husband, though he appeared less agitated, evidently felt the blow with even more intensity than Lucinda. The caresses of his lovely children now passed by him unheeded, and failed to awaken him to a proper sense of surrounding objects; so that he was evidently every moment becoming a victim to that acute sensibility, nice sense of honour, and pure perception of virtue, that characterizes great and exalted minds.

*Secret grief is the most afflicting and the most*

fatal. The nature of their sorrow forbade them both to impart it to the bosom of a friend, and they pined away in the solitary torture of hopeless misery. Often would the wretched Lucinda clasp her children to her agonized and bursting bosom, and give vent to her sorrows in weeping over their unconscious heads, while the tender girls would pathetically mingle their tears with those of their broken-hearted parent, unconscious of the cause, but deeply sympathizing with her grief.

But the period of relief was rapidly approaching, and death was hailed by both as the messenger of joy.—That dreadful scourge, the yellow fever, now broke out, and began to infect the neighbourhood of their residence. In vain their friends urged them to remove to a place of security. The children were sent into the country, to the care of Lucinda's mother, who had fled thither for safety. But the force of the more tender parental affections, had been almost wholly destroyed in their breasts, by the consuming fire of more intense passions. They both sickened at the same time, of that desolating disease, and Lucinda only survived her husband, in a state of delirium, four and twenty hours. They were both buried in the same grave, attended only by a faithful servant; but it is said, that when the seducer of our heroine, was subsequently informed, by *Rachael Mundsley*, whom he attended of the same malady, of the misery he had caused Lucinda and her husband, and that his own illegitimate offspring was still alive, he became so haunted by the recollections of his

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guilt, that he sought refuge in suicide, by swallowing arsenick.

"Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
"This present joy, this future hope,  
    "No more with sorrow meekly cope ;  
"In phrensy then their fate accuse :  
"In madness do those fearful deeds  
    "That seem to add but guilt to woe ?  
"Alas! the breast that inly bleeds  
    "Hath nought to dread from outward blow :  
"Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
"Cares little into what Abyss."

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XV.

ENVY OF LITERATURE.

From what dire cause can Envy spring?  
Or why embosom we a Viper's sting?  
'Tis Envy stings our darling passion—Pride.  
Alas! the man of mighty soul replied,  
Why choose we mis'ries? Most derive their birth  
From one bad source—we dread superior worth.

SAYAGE.

PHILOSOPHERS have reasoned, and moralists have preached in vain, against the odious and banefull passion of Envy. As an attribute of imperfect beings, it clings to us in defiance of precept, and often insinuates its poisonous shoots, into the hearts of those, whose wishes and judgment alike urge them to crush it; but it still flourishes, as a check upon the pride of man, and a scourge of humiliation to the most splendid powers. Always active and always potent in blasting surrounding bloom, Genius withers and dies beneath its breathings. Every intellectual flower, that sheds its lustre to illuminate, and emits its balmy fragrance, to revive the weary and exhausted sojourner through life, is liable to have its fairy charms blighted in a moment, by this



consuming plague. The havoc it commits in individual happiness, we shall leave to be discussed in another place ; and consider it only as it obstructs the progress, or lays waste the regions of Literary excellence.

It is not necessary that Envy should reveal its active exertions, in order to be pernicious. In withholding the rewards, or denying the applause, which is due to exalted genius, or successful labour ; which either achieves unknown perfection, or eclipses the performances of competitors ; it commits a degree of mischief, to which we cannot calculate the limits. Minds, fired by false ambition, yet void of extraordinary powers, naturally sicken at that fame to which they cannot themselves arrive, and envy those honours, which they attempt, by calumny to destroy.—Dulness is the almost invariable concomitant of malignity, as blind presumption is the companion of ignorance ; and when violence of passion inflames the lust of notoriety, the judgment never pauses, to calculate, whether that glory which we arrest in its course to another, will concentrate its effulgence upon our own heads, to cover us with its splendour and magnificence.

No passion is so subtle in its operation as Envy. It eludes the best feelings, and defies the most virtuous resolutions. Open defamation and avowed malignity, are not the worst consequences of its indulgence. Always disposed to ransack the very crevices of possibility, to find a fault in another which fancy may magnify into a crime, and furnish us an opportunity to pluck from his brow, an hon

our that we envy, it descends to the use of *insinuation* for want of facts, and labours to destroy that genius, which it languishes to behold esteemed for its virtue, or celebrated for its Learning. So pitiful and base are the means, which Envy employs to blast superior fame, or eclipse the lustre of a stupendous mind.

The imperceptable manner in which Envy influences the mind, to the detriment of superior excellence, and the injury of Literature, should cause us all to be vigilant, in refusing it admittance. Envy is not exclusively the tenant of little minds, or degenerate natures; nor is it from partial defamation, the offspring of a few envious tongues, that the progress of Literature is obstructed, and genius condemned to languish in obscurity and neglect. A universal disposition to detract from the merit of transcendent intellect, seems, to pervade mankind. Those who are not base enough to applaud, are still willing to give currency to slander; and thus insiduously promote its baneful diffusion, while they congratulate themselves in secret, in the possession of a character for honour and magnanimity. Justice, in every case of dubious rumour, set afloat by the tongue of Envy, should demand reasonable testimony to substantiate the assertion; and failing to do this, every man of honour should treat the calumny with scorn and disbelief: For Envy is not only a foe to individual happiness, but is the common enemy of all mankind, which the arm and the tongue of every man should be raised to quell. The sly shrug, the insinuating exclamation, the portentous shake of the

head, or the half broken sentence; or any of those diabolical intimations, which blast the fairest fame, by the dumb show of Envy, are the blackest and most venomous arts of this detested vice; which a virtuous man will never practice, and an honourable one never listen to.

All vices become more diffuse in proportion as they receive extenuation and countenance by general example. That envy is a common passion, does not, however, divest it of one attribute of its Satanic character, but rather furnishes additional motives for its suppression and controul. Few of the evils that flow from the conduct of our fellow mortals but can be traced to this source; and how great a portion of the misery of life, results from the actions of others, we need not prove. Discord and contention, hatred and vengeance, hostility and murder, are among the numerous children of Envy, which all who consult their own felicity, or regard the comfort of others, will struggle to extinguish. In our own minds, it becomes a serpent, fatal to our peace, and to others it is still more dangerous, though not always fraught with certain misery.

Intellectual pain, of all suffering, is the most acute and intense; and it is here, that Envy inflicts its wounds, with dire and disastrous certainty. The pistol, the stiletto, the rope and bullet, are passive instruments of torture, that carry with them the period of suffering. But the ravages of pain committed by Envy upon a mind of Sensibility, are endless and infinite; they fill the space of an entire life; they intrench themselves in the heart's deep-

est passions ; and even extend the torture to posterity, through the tenacious memory of an affectionate offspring. Where I to draw a picture of Envy, it would be the figure of a Deamon smilingly seated on a throne, composed of *two living Hearts, quivering with incessant agony.* In Learning it blasts the noblest enterprises, and prostrates the loftiest genius.

It is a humiliating truth, that those most prone to Envy, are most susceptible of its slander. Such is the infirmity of genius. A contrary opinion, however, appears generally to prevail ; and calumny is accumulated by Envy with the utmost indifference upon the head of those highly-endowed, as they are supposed to be shielded from its venom by the the same powers that procure them glory and distinction.

Envy is the greatest obstacle to Literature, because authors aim at *Fame* ; and those who give the tone to public opinion, being in pursuit of the same object, are studious to villify and lower men of genius and learning. Those who are rich, but dull and ignorant, can only succeed by depressing men eminent for intellect and wit. Yet there is a *romantic* trait in mankind which assists authors in this contest for glory. The fame procured by Riches is mercenary and selfish, while that obtained by Genius is derived from the loftiest emotions of the soul ; men esteem and admire the latter for itself, but they only love the former for the sake of the recompense.—*Cæsus* and *Homer* divide our sentiments very unequally ; and *Homer*, were he now alive, and a *blind*

*beggar* would be very loath to exchange his glory for the fame of a nabob of antiquity. Such is always the *inherent* Superiority of *Genius*.—And it is this superiority, which always excites the opposition of abortive understandings, who have exhausted their vigour without satisfying their wishes. Among authors, it is really a subject for serious lamentation, that Envy should so much prevail—yet authors are not, unfortunately, always Philosophers and even philosophers too much resemble common men in this particular. It is not wonderful, therefore, that we find men of inferior parts, repining in agony at the Fame of their masters ; and often attempting to pull down to their own level, the towering genius who has soared above them. In this endeavour of the envious, to level the the lofty, mankind in general, but too readily combine, during the life time of the great spirits who dazzle and irritate them by their splendour ; and it is only when Death has removed them from the arena, that the world agrees to confess their power, consecrate their fame, and lavish applause upon their works. *Then* the envious hope for fame, by *associating their names* with the glory of him, whom they before calumniated.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XVI.

UTILITY AND IMPORTANCE OF NOVELS.

" A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
" And proud defiance in their looks they bore :  
" For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,  
" We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;  
" For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
" And swam to empire through the purple flood.  
" Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;  
" What virtue seem'd was done for thee alone.—  
" Thus spoke ROMANCE and FABLE to the Age,  
" And smil'd exulting as they view'd each page.

POPE.

The most prominent and remarkable effect produced by the art of printing, is the astonishing multiplication of books, particularly Novels and Romances; from which has resulted a wide diffusion of knowledge, and information, that has materially conduced not only to civilize and refine mankind, but to beget that love of Liberty, which tends so much to soften and improve the morals of society. When we contrast the ages anterior to the invention of this sublime art, we are struck by the surprising inferiority of the ancients, in regard to that department of polite learning, which refers to the Imagina-

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tion for its production. In particular, the prodigious increase of *Novels and Romances* since the era of that invention, affords a remarkable illustration of its powerful influence upon the destinies of mankind, in the advancement of taste, reflection, and fancy.

Dr. Johnson has remarked, that "*of every other kind of writing,*" except *Translations*, "*the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate.*"

Is this assertion of the great *Lexicographer* philosophically correct? Have the ancients left us models of *Novels and Romances*? I do not think the inquiry will sustain his assertion.

Antiquity presents us with nothing similar to our productions of this kind. The indistinct and remote resemblance between the fables and poems of Hesiod, Homer, Æsop and Ovid, and modern Novels, will not bear out the assertion, of the ancients having furnished us with the model. With as much reason might we class the *Inferno* of Dante, the *Orlando* of Ariosto, and the *Fairy Queen* of Spencer, with the *Udolpho* of Mrs. Radcliffe, and the *Astrologer of Waverly*. Lord Bacon's remarks upon this subject corroborate our position. In his treatise on "The Mythology, or concealed knowledge of the Ancients," he observes:—"Men have proposed to answer two different and contrary ends, by the use of parables; for parables serve as well to instruct or illustrate, as to wrap up and envelope: so that though, for the present, we drop the concealed use, and suppose the Ancient Fables to be vague, indeterminate things, formed for amusement, still the other use must re-

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main, and can never be given up. And every man of any learning must readily allow, that this method of instructing is *grave, sober, or exceedingly useful*, and sometimes necessary in the sciences, as it opens a familiar and easy passage to the human understanding, in all new discoveries that are abstruse, and out of the road of vulgar opinions. Hence in the first ages, when such inventions and conclusions of the human reason, were new and little known, all things abounded with *Fables, Parables, Similies, Comparisons, and Allusions*, which were not intended to conceal but to inform and teach; whilst the minds of men continued rude and unpractised in matters of subtilty, and speculation, or even impatient and in a manner incapable of receiving such things, as did not directly fall under and strike the senses. *For as Hieroglyphics were in use before writing, so were parables in use before arguments.* And even to this day, if any man would let new light in upon the human understanding, and conquer prejudice, without raising contests, animosities, opposition, or disturbance, he must still go on in the same path; and have recourse to the like method of allegory, Metaphor and Allusion." Such was *Lord Bacon's* opinion of the Romance of the Ancients, that it was a grave, sober, and dignified method of instructing the illiterate in some abstruse and difficult art or science, or speculation. How totally contrary the modern Novel is, we need not shew. As to the *Ionian and Mælian* tales of the Greeks, we can affirm nothing, with certainty; but if they were characterised by *lascivious-*



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ness as is alleged, they do not answer to our modern Novels.

There is one point of similitude, however, in which it is next to impossible they should differ, and that is, their tendency to instruct or amuse. This naturally brings us to consider the precise character of that species of Fiction, comprehended under the terms of Romance and Novels. What, for example, is the true standard of perfection in this sort of composition? Can we confine the capriciousness of choice within defined limits, in Novel writing, so as to prevent that corruption of taste, confusion, and disorder, that results from wanton and licentious creations, unrestricted by any principles and laws, suggested by judgment, taste, and a sense of the beautiful? I think we can, and shall therefore proceed to state what I would deem sound maxims of genuine novel writing.

Historical narration, and the great actions of illustrious men, obviously form the ground-work and original of Romance. The *Provençal Troubadours*, a sort of story-tellers, were the first inventors of modern Novels, which derived their name from the language in which they were written, being a mixture of the Gallic and Latin, called *Roman*, whence the term *Romance*, applied to their stories. *Charlemagne*, and the achievements of his Paladins, in driving the Saracens out of France, form the subject of the earliest productions of this kind, written in the eleventh century. Coeval with knight errantry, they partake of all the chivalrous qualities of those enthusiastic times.—But real life, and historical truth,

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forms the genuine basis of the most dignified and useful species of this composition. The superiority of *Gil Blas* to *Amadis De Gaul*, and of *Cyrus the Great*, to *Orlando Furioso*, sufficiently prove this, without referring to *Tom Jones*, or *Don Quixote*. Take *Fielding*, as founding his Novels on individual adventures in real life, and *Waverley* deriving his from historical incidents, and I think the genuine principles that should govern all our productions of this kind, will readily be discernible.—For, we must not go to the *corruption* of this kind of composition, which prevailed during the time of the middle ages, in the days of chivalry, for rules to guide us, but to that more improved and refined period, when extravagant fancies and monstrous creations, gave place to instructive adventures within the scope of probability, and compatible with the age and manners prevailing.—Instruction and Amusement, being the great objects to be accomplished by *Romance*, fiction must be blended with verisimilitude, and the fancy must embellish with poetical riches, what would otherwise be but a dry and didactic dissertation upon the beauty of virtue and the moral obligations of social life. In this manner only, can the utility of Romance be brought home to men's business and bosoms, and while it becomes a source of harmless amusement, can also be made subservient to moral improvement, and the development of intellect.

The great danger of departing from the genuine path of Novel Writing, lies in—*puerility*, or exhibiting scenes too familiar and trifling—and in *extravagance*, or depicting actions, scenes, and characters,

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not compatible with the circumstances and manners of the age, and not consistent with verisimilitude.—*Miss Edgeworth* is a notable example of the former departure from pure taste, and *Mrs. Radcliffe* of the latter.—*Mrs. Opie* has in her *Tales*, preserved the golden mean; but *CORINNA* is only a model for inspired genius, and *GLENARVOX* could not be imitated with success, by a mind less vivid and powerful than that writer. *The Renegade* and *The Solitary*, like *Corinna*, are unique in their kind, and baffle all imitation. Still they show the perfection of this kind of writing; and evince in strong terms, what is too generally contradicted, that this kind of writing is an important branch of Literature, so far from being trifling or flippant, that it materially contributes to form the character of the Age, and mould the principles and affections of the youth of all nations, where a taste for reading gives currency to works of fiction.—*Augustus La Fontaine*, the author of the *VILLAGE PASTOR*, one of the most fascinating tales in any language, mentions, that his grand-daughter at nine years of age began to talk of Love, with more boldness than a woman of thirty would have done, when he was a young man; an effect that he justly ascribes to the general diffusion of Romances through Germany.—The fact is decisive as to the character that should be given to this kind of composition.—Silly Love stories; licentious intrigues, and nursery tales, should be discarded, for something calculated to leave a more salutary and deep impression on the mind and affections; not that I would have Novels and Romances dull and prosaic, but that they may

be taken out of the hands of girls and women, who make them the mere vehicle of mawkish passion, of false and affected sentiment, to entrust them to to the vigorous genius, and powerful invention, of such men as *Fielding*, *Waverly*, *Goldsmith*, *Marivaux*, *Le Sage*, *Rosseau*, and *Smollet*—I would apply the same remark to NOVELS, which a deep observer into human nature, has applied to *Ballads*.—Give me the making of them, and I care not who has the making of the Laws.

To show, that I do not appreciate too highly, the character and influence of this department of Literature, I shall in my next Number, offer a Criticism upon the most celebrated and admired of *Fielding's Novels*, that great master of Human Nature, who in Romance occupies a station as transcendently eminent, as *Shakespeare* does in the Drama, or *Pope* in poetry.—*Bacon* himself maintains, that our love of fictitious history, is an undoubted evidence of the greatness and dignity of the human intellect, and higher authority on such a topic could not reasonably be required. In fact, the scope for endless and wonderful *creations*, which this species of writing affords, stamps it with a merit of the highest kind, as expanding the bounds of knowledge, and giving unrestrained play to the most excursive and fertile imagination. To write a good Novel, demands a combination of the highest attributes of the human mind.



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,

NUMBER XVII.

*Fielding's Novels.*

"AMELIA" AND "JONATHAN WILD."

———"Wisest men  
"Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;  
"And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise."  
*Samson Agonistes.*

Of all the productions of this fascinating writer, "Amelia" appears to me the most finished, entertaining, and complete, though not the most labour-ed, or voluminous. What is produced with pain, seldom yields pleasure and delight; but rather proves as disagreeable to the reader, as it was irksome and operose to the author. The contrary of this proposition obtains with still greater force, that what we beget with pleasure, is most apt to impart joy and satisfaction.

Yet the lover of merriment and humour, will find less in this work, to gratify his laughter-loving appetite, than either *Tom Jones*, or *Joseph Andrews* affords. The whole fable of *Amelia* is tender and pathetic; replete with incidents of disaster, and strokes of affliction; exhibiting an unvaried change of fortune, and perplexity of distress, which melts our

sympathy, enchains attention, and excites the utmost greediness of curiosity.

The calamities which befall *Amelia* and her husband, of course form the subject of the story, and like all the Novels of our author, the plot, incidents, sentiments, and manners, breathe all the glowing freshness of life, nature, and reality. Probability is never violated, for convenience or embellishment; mortals are never enrobed in the pure attributes of spirits of another world, and foolishly exalted above human frailties and wants. Mingled virtues and vices form all his characters, except that of *Amelia*; who in place of being darkened by crime, is only shaded by the want of wisdom and learning, and by the possession of amiable weaknesses. Fielding was with reason, strongly averse to the pedantry of *learned women*; and while he was careful to make his heroine, a sensible, handsome, and good wife, he was equally careful not to endue her with the *glitter* of *feminine* erudition, against which he directs the strokes of his satire with biting acrimony. In the character of *Mrs. Bennet*, he has introduced a classical scholar, as a *half*, or *three-quarters* wit; who is successively, the wife of a parson, the victim of a Lord, and the legacy of a Sergeant.

The professed object of this author, is to promote the cause of virtue, and expose "some of the most glaring evils, as well public as private," that afflicted his country at the period he wrote. In the accomplishment of the first object he has more particularly traced and depicted, the baneful consequences that flow from the indulgence of a favourite and

predominant passion ; and in the elucidation of the second, he has shewn by practical examples the utter folly of many laws, which appeared in themselves to be perfect and beneficial : while the instruments employed to execute them, were the most ignorant, stupid, and hard-hearted of monsters.

It is not our object to regularly detail the progress of the story, and analyze all its parts ; which would exceed the limits assigned to this essay. Our chief purpose, is to point out those errors and blemishes, that have denied our author the trophy of perfection ; and condemned him to the reluctant objections of criticism. Among these, we must certainly class the ludicrous accident, that for a time deformed the beauty of *Amelia*, and brought Booth to her feet, as a compassionate lover. Who can avoid viewing in a very ridiculous light, a heroine, *whose lovely nose was beat all to pieces*, and who is obliged to receive company in a mask ? I cannot but deem this a great blemish in the novel of *Amelia* ; yet at the same time it is the only one of much importance.

Such defects are perceived with pain, and censured with reluctance, in an author who is universally allowed to be a master of *Nature*. What is more painful, than the occasional aberrations of Shakspeare, in this respect ; and yet who can produce such a host of beauties, to palliate and excuse his errors ?—And it is a happy circumstance, that those only commit such mistakes, who copy after *nature* ; and that their great success more than compensates for their partial failure. An equable writer, regular, correct,



and dull, is denied the *felicity* of a bold miscarriage ; he dare not venture, he has not the *soaring energy sublime*, to tempt the skies with flights above the common wing ; he plays at a secure distance, upon the sun-beams of fancy ; and is happy if he sometimes sparkles and shines in the *prettiness* of graceful motions, and the harmony of common strains. But Fielding, and Shakspeare, in their respective regions, soar like the Eagle into higher spheres, and deride the puny flutter of inferior bards.

A singular contradiction occurs, in Booth's relation of his story to Miss Mathews, where he takes the letter of Amelia's sister from his pocket, to read it ; and we are previously told, that the Methodist, while discoursing with Booth upon the efficacy of grace, had picked his pocket of his snuff-box, and rifled it of all he could find. This, however, is a very trivial inconsistency ; and though he sometimes lost sight of trifles, yet he was always quick in the production of new and splendid beauties.

In the character of Colonel Bath, there may appear to the transitory reader, rather too vivid a colour of *burlesque* ; and indeed we soon perceive, that the writer has quitted the reality of life, for the satirical aggravations of a restless fancy. But Fielding intended it as a *travesty* ; and it is this which forms the beauty of the picture.

A fastidious purity may perhaps see some fault in the prison scene, where Booth becomes the prey of a methodist parson, a finished sharper, an expert gamester, and an abandoned trull. But where vulgarity and turpitude are painted in colours so abhor-

rent and disgusting, its influence cannot prove peccant and immoral. Booth's *night adventure* with Miss Mathews, and the narrative of her seduction, are the most likely to inflame and mislead a youthful mind. Yet it may be remarked in palliation of this part of *Amelia*, that the vicious are never in want of excitements, or devoid of art; and he who can peruse *Amelia* through, must have too much reflection to suddenly yield to a fanciful picture of an amorous interview, when every paragraph presents him with a precept of virtue, and every page inculcates a moral lesson.

There never was a work of fancy composed in which the interest was so deep and well maintained, at the same time that the story is copied from nature and life, as this. Some new disaster, difficulty, or danger is momentarily occurring, to awaken the sympathy, and keep alive, the anxiety of the reader; and though the simple history of a man and his wife, forms the whole subject of the work; yet the skill of the author has wrought the most perfect production out of such slender materials; and has caused a thousand novel and subordinate incidents to break in on the main topic, and form an admirable and entertaining underplot to the fable. *Dr. Harrison* is a different character from *Parson Adams*; yet they possess features common to both. Fielding seems to have thought the portrait of a Divine unfinished and incomplete, without a strong tint of benevolence, and extreme simplicity, being thrown into the composition. Many incidents may be cited to shew them the children of the same father. The Doctor's let-

ter to Colonel James, upon the sinfulness of Adultery, which is read aloud by the *bloods* at the masquerade, is of a piece with Parson Adams' sermon before the Squire, in *Joseph Andrews*, which leads to the *ducking* of the *divine ambassador*.

The frequency with which he pictures his male characters as shedding tears, is, in the present state of the world, both unnatural and effeminate. A man of this age, could not suffer a more monstrous libel, than by such an imputation; and I am apt to think that those of Fielding's day, did not descend to the same weakness, upon such occasions as he pictures. Such tenderness in his characters, proves, however, that he was a man endowed with warm feelings, and acute sensibility; the common curses attendant upon quick perception, or eminent genius. Yet I rather think this high-wrought feeling indispensably necessary to excite the sympathy of the reader; as the poet aggravates the reality, by bold figures, and florid diction, in order to make a suitable impression upon our fancy. It may be termed the *oratory* of fiction; without which the narrative would appear too tame and dead. Another advantage likewise flows from it; it conduces to preserve an amiable softness of feeling among mankind, who are proved to be callous and indifferent. The mere *animal* deems it romantic, and mocks it as a *whining* weakness; but the breast of sensibility cherishes the benign emotion as the surest bond of friendship and felicity.

Atkinson is a worthy character, faithfully drawn from low life; and does honour to human nature. It

is impossible not to feel a strong interest in all he does; and we gradually yield him our esteem, for his fidelity, integrity, and truth. The quarrel scene between his wife and Amelia, though too natural in the common course of human events, is notwithstanding rather revolting, and affords quite as much pain as pleasure. Its vulgarity shocks the mind, and its truth only grieves us, by affording a conviction of the world's depravity and weakness. Amelia shines brighter by the contrast; but she was already sufficiently lovely, without the aid of comparison. To compensate for its grossness, however, it couches a moral lesson, of some importance, and gives birth to both wit and humour.

Higher praise could not be bestowed on this excellent performance, than is contained in Dr. Johnson's sententious declaration, *that he read Fielding's Amelia through* without stopping.

There is a trait of Nature, in the sick-chamber scene, between Amelia and her foster-brother, which I cannot pass over without expressing for it, the warmest eulogy and admiration. Amelia, whose virtue could boldly resist the combined allurements of rank, opulence, and power; and who never listened to them without abhorrence and disdain, is yet made to feel a *confusion* and something like a slight faltering of her chastity when the honest Sergeant restores her, her stolen picture, and disclosing his love; requests on his supposed death-bed, *to kiss her hand*; and then he should die happy. This, we aver, is the genuine feeling of nature; and at a slight stroke, uncovers more of the human heart, than a thousand

volumes of more modern fiction, swelled by extravagance, folly, and bombast ; where morbid sensibility vies with the mock sublime, and magnificent, as well as majestic diction, in forming a satire upon life, authors, and composition. We must, however, always be understood to except the productions of the author of *Waverly*.

The Moral of *Amelia* is unexceptionable ; for poetic justice is rigourously awarded to every delinquent ; and the worthy and deserving are amply recompensed by riches, and felicity. In *Amelia*, we perceive, that no privation, or poverty, can render virtue and intelligence, miserable, and contemptible ; and that good breeding may adorn a cottage with as much splendour as a palace. Booth is an impressive example of that fortuitous and inconstant virtue, that exists independent of religious principles he is always sinning and repenting, making new resolves, and falling into new aberrations, while he continues an atheist ; but the moment of his religious conviction restores him to virtue and consistency. Considered in every point of view, it must afford amusement to all, instruction to some, and a knowledge of the heart, and of life, to a great majority of readers. The style is levelled to the separate speakers, and hence derives a pleasing variety ; while the copiousness of his diction, the beauty of his metaphors, and the mock heroic of many of his scenes, still further enhances the excellence of the whole.

JONATHAN WILD, THE GREAT,

Is a masterly satire upon the Lives of *Great Men*; in the form of a history of the achievements, dangers, feats, and escapes, of a notable thief, and illustrious pick-pocket. The pedigree of Wild, is so inimitable a piece of wit, humour, and ridicule, that before I proceed to discuss the particular merits of the Work, I cannot avoid transcribing it, for the entertainment of the reader, to relieve the tediousness of critical disquisition.

“Mr. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name,) was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, i. e. *Nemet cour Saxes, take out your swords*, this gentleman being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs, take out their Purses*; instead therefore of applying to their throats, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest, and contented himself with taking out all that he had, without attempting his life.”

“The next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent, was Wild, surnamed Lanfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III. and was strictly attached to Hubert De Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to, by his great excellence in an art, of which Hubert was himself the inventor; he could, without the knowledge of

the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country : on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph :

O shame o' justice Wild is hang'd,  
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,  
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,  
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.

Langfanger left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour, so recommended himself to his captain, that he would certainly have been promoted by him, had Harry the Fifth kept his word with his old companion."

"After the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the First, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides of the question in the civil wars, passing from one to t'other, as heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war James not being rewarded according to his merits as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy, till at length, being

overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder."

"This Edward took to wife Rebecca, the daughter of the above mentioned John Hind, Esq. by whom he had in issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine, who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and co-heiress of Geoffry Snap, Gent. who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American Colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition, that he was bail for a hundred persons, in one year. He had likewise a remarkable humour of walking in Westminster hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays,



and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them."

"Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Esq. and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs."

Of all the Satirical Novels, we remember to have seen, this is indubitably entitled to the preference, in whatever light it is considered. The ridicule is complete and striking, in every part, and only ends with the action; while it forms the most just and humorous travesty upon life, that virtue and genius could conceive, or wit embellish. Most of the characters, are taken from low life; but this, by no scale of judgment, or criticism, can be deemed a prejudice to the excellence, or tendency of the story; for however low his personages are, their every action and feature wears an obvious resemblance to persons in *high life*; the meaning is always double, and the satire reaches to hundreds above the common level, which every reader can instantly identify in his mind, if he has ever known a *hypocrite*, a *cheat*, a *dolt*, a *villain*, a *man of the world*, a *dissembler*, a *parasite*, a *liar*, an *adulterer*, a *wanton*, a *flatterer*, a *petty tyrant*, or *any* other of those detestable characters, which swarm in the circles of the proud, the rich, and the voluptuous. The mean incidents of *Jonathan Wild*, however, are a disadvantage, inasmuch as superficial minds may conceive a wrong dislike of it, from an impression, that it is disgusting and useless, instead of pleasing and instructive. The numerous political allusions that abound in this Satire,

are not the least beauties, that give it value ; while vice, folly, or affectation, has not escaped the just severity of ridicule, contempt, and abhorrence. Nor is it devoid of tenderness and feeling ; for there are many pathetic and melting passages, that may draw a tear from the reader : one of the great felicities of the genius of Fielding. In Mrs. Heartfree's adventures there is rather too much of extravagance for grave and serious incident ; but considered, as a satire on the universal love, which novel writers make their heroines inspire, (in which sense, I think the author obviously intended it,) it is the most excellent piece of ridicule we possess. In fine, this Novel, is fully demonstrative of the wit, humour, and genius of Fielding ; and is calculated to improve the state of morals, as well as advance the cause of virtue ; to render fiction reasonable ; innocent poverty honourable ; and confirmed guilt a source of infamy and shame.



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XVIII.

TOM JONES.

To the kind reader of our sober clime,  
This way of writing will appear exotic;  
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,  
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,  
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,  
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings  
despotic;  
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
I choose a modern subject as more meet.

*Byron.*

THIS is adjudged by the author, and pronounced by the public, to be his master-piece. It is formed on the most regular plan of the comic Epic; wrought by successful labour to uncommon excellence; diversified by episodes, enlivened by incidents, and sparkling with humour; the play of wit is lively and agreeable; the satire is pungent and strong; and the whole conduct of the plot, such as to excite interest, and command admiration.

He who seeks in books, for a knowledge of the world, and an acquaintance with life; who desires to gain the fruits of experience, without the toil of action, and the bitterness of pain; who would acquire

wisdom, by seeing the depravity of the heart developed in the iniquity of others, and grasp the substance of practical philosophy, in preference to wandering after the shadow of sentiment, speculation and fancy, will peruse this Novel, with the avidity of pleasure, tempered by the earnestness of instruction. Whatever can confirm the principles, or expand the mind ; soften the heart, or correct the manners, may be found in *Tom Jones*; and he who misses the clue to unravel all the deceitful mazes of the human heart, in its perusal, cannot expect improvement from the lessons of wisdom, or knowledge, from the precepts of experience. We here behold the school, in which Vice is acquired, the Stage on which it is displayed, the vestures in which it is disguised, and the tomb in which it is interred ; on which Shame inscribes an epitaph of infamy, and Anguish and Disease, erect the trophies of their triumph.

The fable of this interesting work, has the broadest foundation of all of Fielding's Novels ; it comprises a greater variety of characters, and incidents, and includes almost every relation of social life, or detail of probable adventure. A foundling protected and reared from infancy, by an unknown and opulent uncle ; till fraudulently deprived of that protection, by the base arts of a depraved brother ; then cast forth to wander through life destitute of fortune, and ignorant of every profession, affords a fertile and pleasing theme, fraught with knowledge and instruction. The collateral and subordinate events are equally happy : and the consequences of Jones'

banishment, display a universal view of life and manners. To use the author's own words, who is pursuing the metaphor of a bill of fare, and likening his book to a publick ordinary : " The provision which we have here made is no other than *Human Nature*. Nor do I fear that my sensible reader, though most luxurious in his taste, will start, cavil, or be offended, because I have named but one article. The tortoise, as the alderman of Bristol well learned in eating, knows by much experience, besides the delicious calipash and calipee, contains many different kinds of food; nor can the learned reader be ignorant, that in human nature, though here collected under one general name, is such prodigious variety, that a cook will have sooner gone through all the several species of animal and vegetable food in the world, than an author be able to exhaust so extensive a subject."

Criticism, in estimating the qualities of Fielding's Novels, can say little except in praise; and that little, which hardly partakes of the positive nature of reproof, but rather of regret, is wholly excited by the vulgarity of some of his scenes, and the gross indelicacy of partial incidents. Such are the characters and the conduct of Molly Seagrim, and the amours of Mrs. Waters with Jones himself, her reputed, but not real son, with many others of equal impropriety. But here, the subject of Fielding, enters to plead his vindication, for a picture of *Human Nature*, such as our author professed to draw, could not consist of unmingled excellence and virtue: which would have made it Romance, and not reality. With as much reason, and effect, might a painter

omit to shade his canvass, as for a writer to avoid such shadowings of the human character. Yet some may disavow the force of this reasoning, from another principle; that he who imitates Nature, should copy her beauties, which yield pleasure, and not her deformities, which beget disgust: that he should produce what is termed the *beautiful ideal*; selecting the most agreeable, and discarding all ugly and improper objects; that he should conceal what is improper, and display what is charming. Against this argument, we may oppose the weight of a first principle; the object of *fictional history*, which is instruction, conveyed through the channels of amusement and delight. A bare representation of decency and virtue, could never effect so fundamental a utility. Propriety is totally incompatible with humour and wit; and the charms of virtue, could never inspire an abhorrence of vice, much less convey an insight into the complicated villainy of mankind. It is the violation of order, good breeding, and even of decency, that beget the ridiculous, and produces mirth out of folly. Thus the inconsistency of Philosopher Square's virtue, when discovered in Molly Seagrim's garret, is a great source of amusement, as well as that lady's vows of constancy, when contrasted with her revealed infidelity. The gross vulgarity of the battle in the *church yard*, as well as the *Inn*, also contributes to the humour of the work; for how inimitably has Fielding described them, in all the pomp of mock-heroic warfare! Had such scenes been omitted; had he stripped his characters of their vices, and follies, their passions and inconsistencies,

their vulgarity, lowness, and absurd affectation, he would have produced a work, which the serious and the pious, the moral and the melancholy, would alone have perused ; while the lover of wit, humour, and merriment, could not have been allured by its graces and levity, from the poison of illicit pleasures and destructive dissipation, to religion and virtue. *Tom Jones*, is a *Sermon* adapted to those, who would shun the precepts of the pulpit, and laugh at the grave admonitions of a dry moralist. It abounds with lessons of purity, examples of the blessings of religion, and the curses of crime. If an obscene, or lascivious picture, is too glowingly painted, so as to set in motion, the passions of a warm imagination, it is at the same time tempered, and quenched, by the dreadful consequences that attend upon the guilty. But after all, he has portrayed nothing, but what the most chaste fancy and innocent heart, has often conceived, or heard of ; and he portrays it for our benefit, not corruption. He shows even the virtuous, that latent depravity of heart, which they should purify, and subject to the government of religion ; he unmasks the world to the youthful tyro, and shews the rock and the gulf against which villainy may dash him, and pleasure allure him to destruction. If however, he is faulty in this respect, it is that he dwells too long upon the obscene, and expresses in language too lively, broad and emphatic, the plots and sensations of wickedness ! He paints the *feelings*, whether good or bad, till every correspondent emotion rises in the breast of the reader ; if that reader be virtuous, therefore, it will better him.



if he be vicious, it cannot injure him ; the benevolent it renders more warm, the pious more fervent, the tender more compassionate, the brave more intrepid, and the cautious more secure.

Of the numberless beauties that distinguish the work before us, it would be vain to speak ; for they are not less apparent, than multifarious. In inserting episodical novels, such as the story of the "*Man of the Hill*," and some others, he has imitated *Cervantes*, sometimes to the improvement, and sometimes to the detriment of his performance. That of *Mrs. Fitzpatrick*, *Mrs. Miller*, and *Nightingale*, must be ranked among the former ; yet the adventures of the *Man of the Hill*, have too little intrinsic interest, and bear too little relation to the main design of the fable, to exempt them from the reproof of impertinence.

*Partridge* is in the strictest sense, and in the most witty, and amusing signification of the term, *an original* ; a fellow of infinite humour, and some simplicity ; who has just learning enough to be ridiculous ; and sufficient sagacity to make the follies and prejudices of mankind subservient to his interest. It is not possible to conceive a more masterly delineation of character than this ; and his simple criticism on the acting of *Garrick*, in the character of *Hamlet*, forms the most striking trait of character, and is the happiest unintended encomium, that could be passed by the wit of genius upon superlative merit.

Blifil is a character, too common in the world, and too successful in the arts and machinations of a hypocritical villain. In the hands of Fielding, he is

treated with justice void of severity ; and by every liberal reader he is despised with ineffable contempt. A man like Blifil is more degraded than the brute, who wallows in the mire ; and he who can sympathize in his sentiments may aspire to the honour of everlasting infamy !

Allworthy, is I fear, a superhuman personage ; a man too nobly gifted to grace a world like this ; of affections too pure, to be real ; of benevolence too warm and universal, to admit of practice ; and of virtue too exalted for humanity. He is stained by no passion ; enfeebled by no humour, and perverted by no prejudice ; he is liberal without prodigality, wise without presumption, and pious without hypocrisy ; his judgment is sound, his foresight is extensive, and his prudence exemplary. If he is deceived by the arts of Blifil, he is imposed on by appearances, that would blind all but an omniscient mind ; and by being free from suspicion of ill, our author has consummated the perfection of his character. He is, therefore, a good model for imitation, struggling at perfection ; which by striving to reach super-human excellence, only attains to a general practice of imperfect virtue, and the bare acquisition of necessary knowledge.

In Squire Western, we have a faithful and animated picture of a real character, compounded of various good and ridiculous qualities ; rough, unpolished, ignorant, boisterous, and tender ; an affectionate father, an avaricious and selfish man ; an ignorant and violent politician, of the old tory school, and country interest ; a sportsman, carouser, and hearty

fellow, fond of his horse, his hound, his bottle, and his wench : A satire on human nature ; a subject for ridicule, a disgrace to society, and an object of contempt.

Mrs. Western, his sister, is of the same *family* of drones ; a pretended woman of learning, with hardly a smattering of knowledge ; of fancied sagacity, and real dulness ; proud, perverse, and unfeeling, she forms an excellent satire upon all those of her sex, who are addicted to erudition, and tainted by folly. Every individual of Feeling, is in reality, a species, or a ridicule of some particular class, sect, or profession.

Let us now consider the character of his hero, who has been the idol of praise to some, the victim of abuse by others, and an object of abhorrence to a higher class of readers, who lay an undisputed claim to supernal purity. Tom Jones, is the natural son of a woman of fashion, rank and wealth, and is educated in the house of his maternal uncle, with the same care, liberality, and attention, as that uncle bestows on his legitimate and acknowledged, but detestable nephew. The disposition of Jones is the most amiable that can be imagined ; his genius is noble and great ; he is frank, generous, manly, valiant, and humane ; his heart is easily touched by the melting tenderness of pity ; he is ardent in his affections, and the noble warmth of his soul disdains the lifeless apathy of cold indifference, or moderate and calculating friendships ; he succours and relieves with instant and zealous alacrity ; his confidence is unbounded ; his heart void of suspicion and distrust. The

pure and incorruptible principles of his honour and virtue, naturally flow from the primary qualities of his superior constitution ; but his honour though exalted, is not of a romantic cast ; and though his virtue is well grounded in principle, yet like all human virtue, it sometimes falters before the force of temptation, and leaves him to feel the agony of guilt, embittered though palliated, by the tears of contrition. The occasional aberrations of Jones, I maintain to be no inconsistency of character, and no pollution to his heart ; they neither sink him into infamy, nor deserve to be branded with the epithet of debauchery. It is true, they present us with scenes rather indelicate ; but the end and purpose of the story, more than compensates for the danger of an incident, that portrays a human frailty of no ingrain turpitude. Austere, indeed, must be that virtue, and chilling cold that charity, which cannot allow one guilty action, to be lost in the glorious and heart-cheering blaze, of such a crowd of virtues and perfections. If, like Blifil, the heart of Jones was only fertile in noxious and disgraceful feelings, and barren of every good, we might well refuse him a pardon for the moral obliquities, which attend his outset in life. But Jones sins against his own convictions of right, and inclinations of virtue ; he is drawn by the fire of constitutional feelings, into snares that entrap his peace, but never tarnish the lustre of his integrity ; he does not even *struggle* between crime and rectitude ; for his bosom bows to the laws of his God, and confesses that happiness can alone be found in innocence, and enjoyment in moderation. To complete the ex-

cellence of Jones's character, he is not vindictive, or cruel, but is eminently gifted with the magnanimous spirit of true greatness: as he evinces in his conduct towards his vanquished enemies: *a lion preys not upon carcases*. Being free from vice, too, he easily settles down, in the humble vale of matrimony, content with love, and opulence; and widening the sphere of rational pleasure, by seasonable munificence, and charitable distributions. A heart clogged with depravity, could not thus reverse the tenor of its life, without many a painful sigh, protracted effort, and dangerous relapse; but such a heart did not disgrace the breast of Jones; who as a model of manly and exalted character, is certainly without an equal, either in the world of fiction, or the walks of life.

Sophia is a charming counterpart, to so complete a hero; and whatever can be said of Jones, as a man, may be applied to her, as a woman.

The episodes in this work are always highly entertaining; and are so artfully interwoven in the main plot, that they frequently deceive the reader, and do not appear as deviations from the main design. Where parts so unconnected, are happily joined, where can the critic find room for censure, or how can he devise an excuse for severity?

It is difficult to conceive the purpose our author designed, by prefixing initial chapters, on subjects foreign to the story, to each book of his history. If he intended them, as proper pauses in which to vindicate the characters, incidents, and progress of his story, his object was both a good and a successful

one; for they form the most complete critical treatise upon this species of fiction, and on *Tom Jones* in particular, they equal all that ingenuity and wit can compose. In his initial chapter to the IXth book, he tells us in a very playful humour, that he designs them as a mark or stamp, by which a reader may distinguish a genuine rational novel, from a counterfeit and absurd one; in order that some check may be given to those superficial writers, who bring a swarm of foolish romances into the world, only to deprave the morals, taint the imaginations, and pervert the aims of mankind; whilst they possess not adequate ability, to write even an essay like his introductory chapters. The satire, the reason, and the apology of this, is obvious, striking, and effectual.

The art of rousing curiosity by studied delay, and protracting suspense by sudden digressions, has been carried by Fielding to the utmost height; and more so in *Tom Jones*, than his other performances. At the climax of distress, or just at the catastrophe of an action, when our sympathies are wrought to the extreme pitch, and we tremble for the issue of the event, which we greedily hurry through the page to realize, he pauses unexpectedly, to offer some moral reflection, or indulge in some literary discussion; to enjoy the play of his wit, or amuse us with the sports of his humour. This trait of his writing, has always an unmixed pleasure; for besides being seasoned with most exquisite wit and profound learning, it gives an additional zest to the interest of the story, by prolonging our expectation, and adding to our impatience. Yet to some readers, this digression

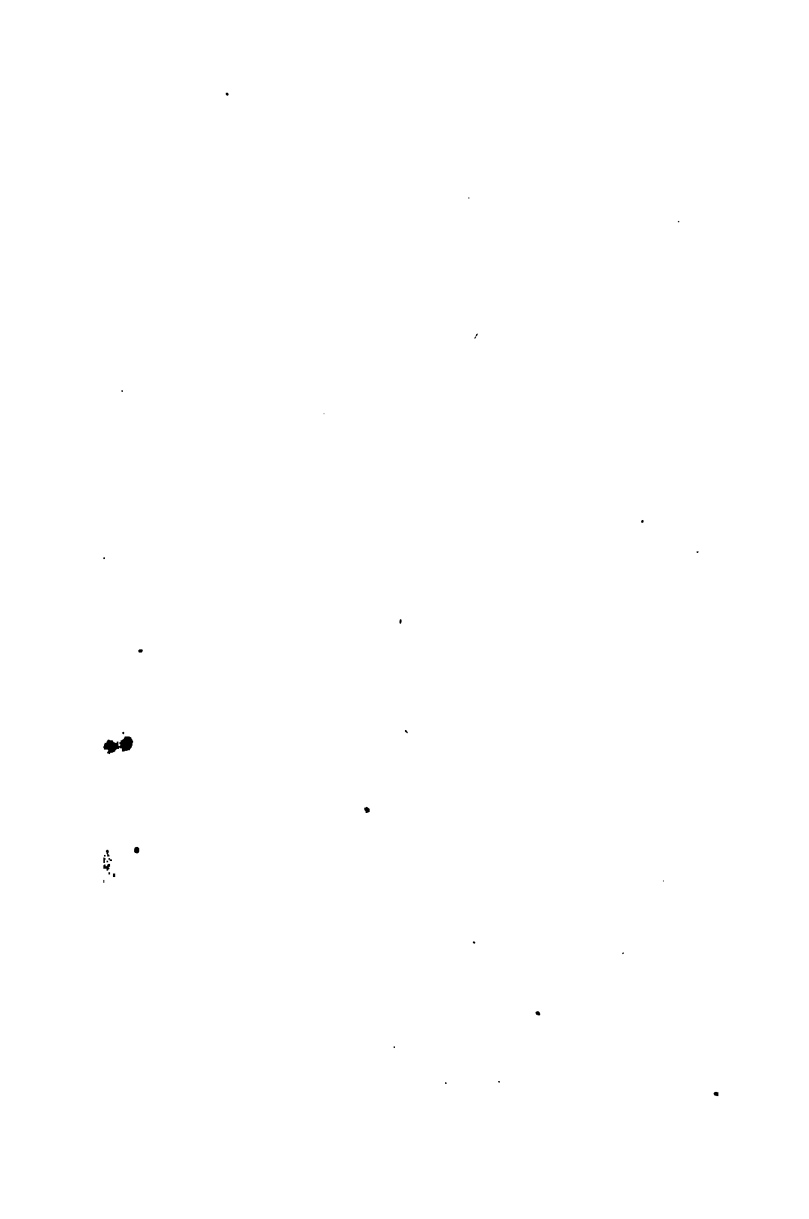
forms an insuperable objection to his works; and many a feeble imagination, and superficial mind, grows weary by its suspense, and gradually feels its curiosity conquered by indolence and torpor. Viewing it in this light, therefore, I should pronounce it a beauty, rather than a defect.

His style in this performance, is classical, harmonious, and elegant; it is flowing without being affected, polished without refinement, and correct without stiffness. The graces of an exuberant and chaste imagination, give it life and beauty, by the embellishment of tropes, and imagery, and it breathes the natural sweetness of spring, without being studded with tulips, or crowded by roses and hyacinths, like a dutchman's garden, to which the style and diction of most modern novel writers, can only be compared. But the taste of Fielding was natural and unsophisticated; his heart was frank, warm, and generous; and his knowledge of mankind was only inferior to the copious stores of his erudition. Hence he pours out his feelings and his ideas, without constraint; and abounds with the richest choice of the most agreeable sentiment; he mingles his learning with the easy affability of a prodigal, with all his incidents and reflections, and never disgusts us by the starch of pedantry. It has been said, that he was vicious in his life, loose in his pleasures, and vulgar in his company; that he talked like an ostler, and lived like a rake; but no evidence of this appears in his Novels; for the most perfect gentleman and moralist, might *know*, and *portray*, the vulgar scenes, and offensive passions, the low language,

and obscene incidents, that occasionally overshadow the more lucid parts of his romances. Let it be remembered, however, when we feel disposed to condemn Fielding for obscenity, how warmly we eulogize the productions of others, still more guilty. Our author took *Cervantes* for his model; and who censures him for impropriety, and lowness? The same wit, and the same humour, sparkle through the pages of Fielding; he never *feeds* the cravings of a debauched fancy, or ministers to the appetites of the villain; but he no sooner paints a disgusting scene, than he regales our minds with the perfume of wit and genius; and a flash of indignant humour, ridicule, and satire, dispels the oppressive vapours, of crime, vulgarity, and vice.

Let us therefore, take the Novels of *Fielding* and of *Waverly*, as models of perfection; and they cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive; to brighten the imagination, beguile the tedium of existence, and improve the morals of mankind.





THE  
**AUTHOR'S JEWEL,**  
NUMBER XIX.

MODESTY NOT A MARK OF MERIT.

Not always Actions shew the man ; we find  
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind :  
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,  
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East :  
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,  
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.  
POPE.

Nothing is so much talked of, so much extolled, so much admired as modesty.—In women, and girls, and boys, I grant that modesty is a very amiable and agreeable quality ; but in men, I think it a rank deformity, and it accordingly excites my aversion. It is absolutely ridiculous, to affirm that modesty is a sign of worth or merit. It is exactly the reverse, or at least in general ; for there may obtain exceptions to the rule, occasioned by constitutional weakness, timidity, fear, and a depression of animal spirits. But to allege, that modesty is the consequence of merit, is so far from the truth, that it is in fact, an effect proceeding from an opposite cause—a consciousness of the want of worth, sufficient to sustain high pretensions, or a bold and fearless claim to the

approbation of others. Thus, if a person feels himself deficient in knowledge, and is conscious of that deficiency, he becomes timid, he feels he cannot put forward a claim to wisdom, without suffering mortification and exposure; and he is therefore modest, retired, and unassuming, in preference to making himself ridiculous and absurd! A contrary feeling and behaviour, distinguishes the man really eminent for his learning, or transcendantly endowed with genius. He feels his strength; he knows his power, his attainments, and his resources; and is proportionately assuming, confident, and free from modesty.—Observation and experience go to confirm this position beyond all reasonable denial; with the exception however, of such instances where, as I before remarked, some peculiar physical infirmity of nerve, induces a timid and anxious disposition. As there are, however, various kinds of modesty, it will accord more with a just discussion of the topic, to take a review of them previous to settling the following question—*Whether modesty be indicative of merit, and whether the want of modesty can detract from great worth?*

Let us first examine *modesty of demeanor*. Now this being rather a personal and external, than an intellectual quality, does not properly come within the limits of our investigation, especially as it is so intimately blended with politeness, and is so frequently the result of seclusion, habits of study, or polished society, or an amiable equanimity of mind, whose characteristic is mediocrity. We can lay down no rules as to this external quality; and we beg

it to be understood that we do not comprehend it in our argument ; for being a mere habit of the body accidentally acquired and formed, it never can indicate either the absence or presence of intellectual worth.

*Modesty in opinions*, is the mental diffidence to which we specially allude. It is this, which is so pleasing to the vanity and self-love of mankind : and which procures its possessor praise, not for any intrinsic beauty or excellence, but for the sake of the agreeable impression it makes upon others. So that to be modest in our opinions, is not to possess an absolute excellence, or merit, but it is to flatter others into an opinion, that they possess superior judgement, knowledge and sagacity, to what we do ourselves. This modesty, then, is nothing but *disguised adulation*, and the world praise it because it praises them,—a mutual compact levelled against the sovereignty of truth and genius.

Let us suppose this modesty of opinion, to influence distinguished men. Behold a great Poet under its influence ! He *professes* he is a very indifferent Poet indeed ! The world he says, is partial ; his friends overrate him ; his *very humble powers* have been too lavishly applauded—"You write sublime poetry, sir ! I have often been enraptured by your Muse."—"Oh, not at all, sir, answers the *modest man*, you are too good ; you flatter my very indifferent verses. No, sir ; would to heaven I possessed the faculty of writing, as you say."—What affectation of humility ! Now is not this preposterous, ridiculous, absurd !—How different this from the handsome

woman !—" Adorable and lovely creature—cries her lover; paragon of beauty ! Ah ! your charms have penetrated my heart. The image of your beautiful form haunts me day and night. In my dreams you hover round my pillow, like a protecting Angel. I can think of nothing but your beauty, which excels all that ever yet existed upon Earth. If I attempt to read, each letter assumes the shape of your lovely image, every sentiment melts into love. In the flowers of the garden, in the forms of the clouds, and in the mist of the fountain, I still behold those beauties that ravish and entrance my senses. Oh ! celestial being, take compassion on my sufferings ! Let me but hear those lovely lips pronounce the reviving word of Hope, and I shall be happy ! I do not ask the presumptuous favour, that you will declare your love ; but that you will allow me to gaze upon those fascinating eyes, to hear the melting tones of that soft and thrilling voice ; to see those smiles that revive all around, and those beauties that kindle universal enthusiasm and love !" —What is the answer of the lovely woman thus addressed ; and who is as *modest* as she is beautiful ?—Does she say " Sir, excuse me ! I beg your pardon—I am no beauty ; I have no charms ? My eyes are very ugly ; my person is far from handsome ; my smiles only wrinkle my face ; I wish I were as you picture me ;" with a dozen other unmeaning phrases, all intended to show *her modesty* ? By no means. Whether beautiful or homely, she swallows every jot of praise, and yet thinks it no violation of her *modesty* ; and why should she ?—All that we contend for, then, is,

equality of rights for the great beauty and the great Poet.

Having mentioned women, it may be as well to offer a few observations upon the established practice of inculcating *modesty* into the *female mind*, as well as in those of *children*. It must not be supposed, that we object to this salutary practice ; on the contrary, we commend it warmly,—we recommend it earnestly. Indeed modesty, is scarcely becoming in any others, but women and children ; and the reason why it is so becoming in them, is, that they possess very little merit, and should accordingly, be diffident and retired. Hence modest men are always treated, as we treat Clergymen, or simpletons, with great deference, politeness, and kindness ; belonging, in every other, but a physical sense, to the feminine gender.—Emasculation of soul is therefore, the source of modesty, except where delicacy of Constitution places the hero on a level with the Virgin.

The reader must not imagine, that we are for recommending universal *impudence* to mankind, and that all modest men are to be despised as non-entities. There obtains, we think, a happy *medium*, between modesty and impudence ; a *confidence* in ones own powers ; a consciousness undissembled, that we possess the merit which experience proves to belong to us ; and that we do not *court* applause, to follow us into the recesses of affected modesty like a coy beauty, who sinks back affrighted from her admirers, only that she may allure them to follow her.

But we have high authority for classing Modesty,

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among the *faults* of mankind. Dr. Smith, in his "*Theory of Moral Sentiments*," has shown how it checks the happiness, obstructs the intercourse, and retards the improvement of society. The modest man is a kind of restraint upon all around him ; he puts himself up in appearance at least, as a standard of propriety ; and silently rebukes all, who happen not to be equally reserved and modest with himself. It cannot be questioned, that a *modest* man, thinks more of *himself*, than of others ; or rather he thinks *exclusively* of himself ; and this necessarily proves a restraint upon others. Besides, your modest man of merit is ever too reserved to be good, or profitable company. He allows no full expression of feelings, or opinions ; no play of fancy, no gambol of wit, no *single-stick* collision of ideas, where the weaker party is sure to receive a blow, that causes a mortifying sense of inferiority. But modesty is averse to ever coming in *contact with another* ; it stands aloof, abashed, timid, and inexperienced ; never essays its powers, and never knows its strength ; and thus forever remains *modest merit* !

The remarks of Adam Smith, in the following quotation from his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, will serve to confirm, as well as extend our views upon this subject, a subject which in our opinion, has never been treated with sufficient freedom.

"Our sensibility to the pleasures, to the amusements and employments of human life, may offend either by its excess, or its defect. Of the two, however, the excess seems less disagreeable than the defect. Both to the spectator and to the person

principally concerned, a strong propensity to joy is certainly more pleasing, than a dull insensibility to the objects of amusement and diversion. We are charmed with the gaiety of youth, and even with the playfulness of childhood : but we soon grow weary of the flat and tasteless gravity which too frequently accompanies old age. When this propensity, indeed, is not restrained by the sense of propriety, when it is unsuitable to the time, or to the place, to the age, or to the situation of the person, when to indulge it, he neglects either his interest, or his duty; it is justly blamed as excessive, and as hurtful both to the individual and to the society. In the greater part of such cases, however, what is chiefly to be found fault with is, not so much the strength of the propensity to joy, as the weakness of the sense of propriety and duty. A young man who has no relish for the diversions and amusements that are natural and suitable to his age, who talks of nothing but his book or his business, is disliked as formal and pedantic ; and we give him no credit for his abstinence even from improper indulgencies, to which he seems to have so little inclination."

"The principle of *self-estimation*," continues the same great Philosopher, "may be too high, and it may likewise be too low. It is so very agreeable to think highly, and so very disagreeable to think meanly of ourselves, that, to the person himself, it cannot well be doubted, but that *some degree of excess must be much less disagreeable than any degree of defect*. But to the impartial spectator, it may perhaps be thought, things must appear quite different-



ly, and that to him the defect must always be less disagreeable than the excess. And in our companions, no doubt, we much more frequently complain of the latter than the former. When they assume upon us, or set themselves before us, their self-estimation mortifies our own. Our own pride and vanity prompts us to accuse them of pride and vanity, and we cease to be the impartial spectators of their conduct. When the same companions, however, suffer any other man to assume over them a superiority which does not belong to him, we not only blame them, but often despise them as mean spirited. When, on the contrary, among other people, they push themselves a little more forward, and scramble to an elevation disproportioned, as we think, to their merit, though we may not perfectly approve of their conduct, we are often, upon the whole diverted with it; and *where there is no envy in the case, we are almost always much less displeased with them than we should have been, had they suffered themselves to sink below their proper station.*"

With authority like this to sustain us, we need not fear being denounced as extravagantly paradoxical, in recommending less modesty to men of merit, and men in general, it being always understood, that Lawyers, Brokers, Stock-jobbers, and Politicians, are exceptions to the lesson we inculcate; for it cannot surely be affirmed that they are too modest.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XX.

LITERARY CHARACTERS.

Achilles, grown a man the lyre essay'd  
On his paternal hills, and while he play'd,  
With trembling eyed the rod.—

*Juvenal.*

PERHAPS in no city in the world, has there ever flourished such a host of *Literary Characters*, as in this devoted, miserable metropolis, ycleped *Athenian*; so infested with the pestilence of attic wit, and exuberant genius. I have been struck with this conviction, by observing the swarms of dandies, both plain and gay, who hourly resort to the *Atheneum*, the *City Library*, the *Coffee House*, the *Museum*, the *Philosophical Society*, and the *fashionable book-stores*. "What a legion of *Literary Characters*, have we not," cried Rugged the other day! every reader of a newspaper now thinks himself entitled to that exalted appellation, without ever having studied the works of *D'Israeli*, or perused the *Noble Author's of Walpole*! I do not mean however, he added to degrade the former writer, by classing his productions with the latter; but a pretender to the literary character, should read the first, to see how difficult,

operose, and various, is the knowledge, study and acquirements of a *genuine man of Letters*: and he should read Walpole, as he would look into a mirror, to see how shallow and frivolous, are the acquisitions of a Literary Coxcomb, not but that Walpole is great when he draws upon the profound resources of his genius; but then he is sometimes so frivolous, that you would infer him destitute even of the powers of mediocrity. I was wrung almost to death by laughter, the other evening, continued Rugged, by listening to the *table-talk* of a club of Wits at the *door* of the Atheneum. One was a little thick purse fellow, whose eyes buried in fat, scarcely left them the small pig-twinkle of rationality. The other, a long, gaunt, and awkward Don Quixotte, as stiff as if cramped in armour. Another looked as if his life had been spent over a blacksmith's fire instead of a book. The fat-wit was the most voluble, with the least reason, or taste, and the gaunt gentleman, seemed sentimental in proportion to his spareness; while he, who most resembled a bottle of cogniac, appeared equally as strong and subduing in his observations, as an equal quantity of that *essential*.

"No city on the con-ti-nent, can produce so many Literary characters, said the Fat Wit, as ours. Look at our Phi-lo-soph-ical society; and our public library; and this here excellent institution, the Atheneum. We ought to have a Literary Club. I'll head it myself, without a cent of reward. Here is an excellent place to meet. Here we would have the *newspapers* all ready. All the *members* of the Athe-

neum, should be members of the Club. Only we should have our beer and cigars." "That, I'll be burnt would be necessary, said the man with the furnace face. "It would banish sentiment," said the gaunt man; "unless indeed in a song. I have some superb sentimental songs in my desk." Banish sentiment! said the fat wit, with contempt! poh? beer's the life of it. Look at Washington Irving—I mean his last book—Bracebridge Hall? hah? look there and see if beer banishes sentiment—banish a booby! But about our Literary Club. You know all our members are Literary Characters! well then we should have a Literary work, conducted by the members in rotation. I have thought of a grand title—The Wits' Oracle, or the Attic Palace of Knowledge"—With the motto of 'flatter thyself,' said the gaunt man. "I know a better one, said furnace-face, "Confusion to the dunces. I dont like any of them," said Fat-wit. "My motto is an excellent thing, I have it from a book of rhymes.

They who dig too deep for wit,  
Are sure by notions to be bit;  
But they who hunt for sense and matter,  
Had better only have a smatter.

"However, I think I'd rather have a new building, and the professors they talk of." "What professors," said furnace-face—"not physic d'ye mean. "No! why are you really so ignorant. The professors of law, politics, and Belles-Lettres. Mr. Adams, the *next* president is to be our *Patron*—S—— the lawyer, is to teach us how to respect him, how to puff him, and how to support his election, by his lectures on

politics and intrigue." "Hang S——," cried Furnace-Face, "he's a little, pettifogging turncoat. I'd cast him and his lectures into rivers of flaming sulphur."

"Here, said Rugged, I could endure it no longer, but burst into a fit of laughter, which caused them to move off. 'Tis impossible to impart a conception of their ridiculous appearance by a verbal description. Their gravity, their self importance, their extreme ignorance, must have been seen to be enjoyed. They were, indeed, complete *Literary Characters*! and worthy to support the Athenæum.

"But Rugged, why not allow these Athenian bees as you call them, to be men of Letters?"

"Simply because they no more resemble them, than beggars do gentlemen; being the eaters of broken ideas, the crumb-scrappers of slovenly journals; who never perused a good ponderous volume of antiquity in all their lives; but have subsisted their puny wit upon Miss Edgeworth's *maggot broth*, as Cowper says, Southey's fricassees; and such home made dishes as Dr. Beasley's Orthodox Metaphysics; a *hash* without seasoning, stewed up with bigotry and intolerance, and more adapted to a barbarous country in a dark age, than to a civilized and refined people of the 19th century. The age of priestcraft has passed. Priests to be respected must be liberal; or they disgrace the sacred cause which they are called upon to support. An intolerant zealot is a worse enemy of our religion than a professed infidel; because he propagates that very infidelity which the Atheist fails to diffuse, by

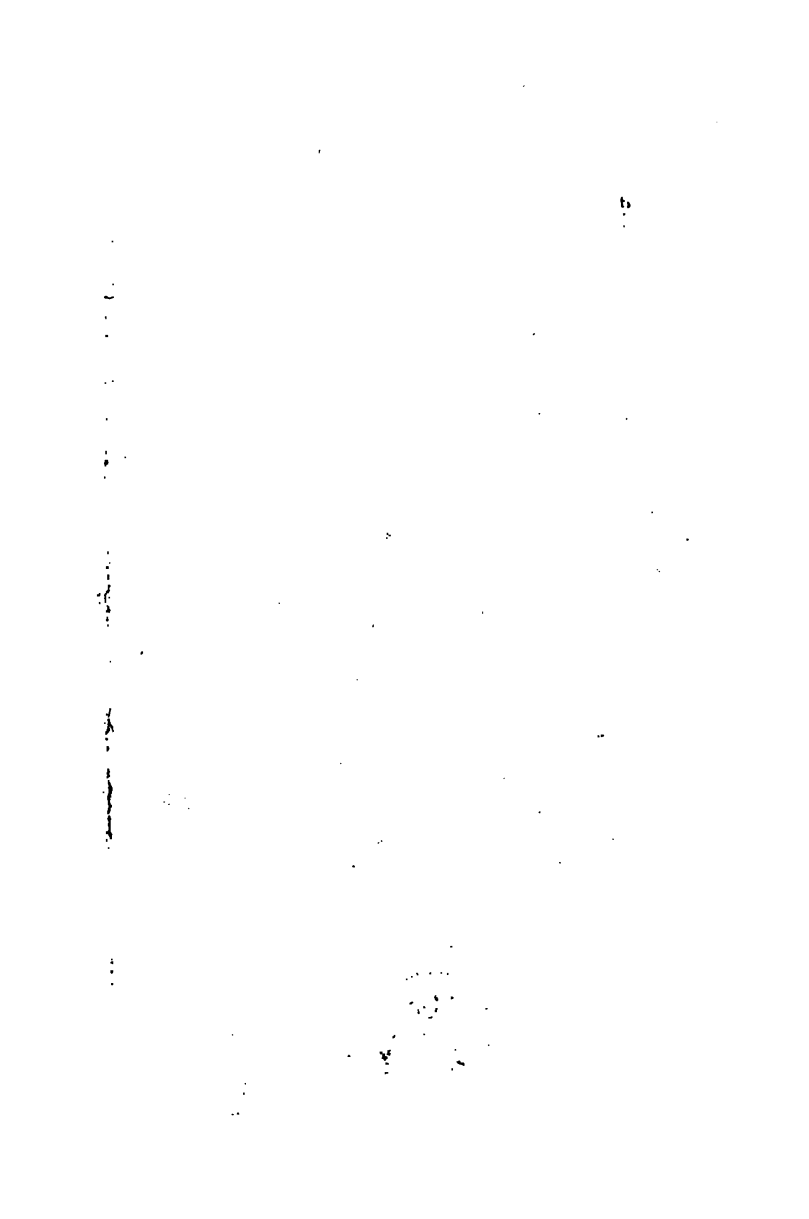
by being a declared foe to a good system.— Nothing brings so much discredit upon our holy creed of *charity*, as malignity, bigotry, and a spirit of intolerance.” “Why where have you wandered, my friend Rugged, cried I.”——“Only from the Library of Euclid, said he, to the volume on the shelf.—However, I rejoice to perceive that the world justly appreciates this nauseous compound of dulness and bigotry; and permits it to sleep in congenial dust, undisturbed even by censure. It carries an antidote to its influence, in the virulence which stains and darkens its pages.”—

“But what more of these Literary characters, and the American Literary Club,” said I.

“*English*, not American, if you please, cried Rugged. The President is to be an Englishman; and all the members are required to be sound Tories, school-masters excepted. This forms an indispensable qualification. Nothing American, you know succeeds, not even with the Ladies, one English rake being equal to twenty Americans of pure morals.”

“But what of the Atheneum, Rugged, said I?”

It is the most *splendid* institution that ever existed, since the creation of—Tom-Cats, *bibb'd* Critics, or dry-nurse Lecturers. The bees of Attica were mere spiders, compared to the bugs of the Atheneum!”



# THE AUTHOR'S JEWEL.

## NUMBER XXI.

### THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued,  
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued ;  
And slight withal may be the things which bring.  
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling  
Aside for ever ; it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,  
A flower—the wind—the ocean”—

*Byron.*

“The War begins to rage with aggravated fury,” said an old officer of the Revolution, during the last War with Great Britain, who had retired from public life, to live on the income of an opulent estate—“yes, with desolating fury,” continued he with solemn emphasis, as he slowly folded up a newspaper he had just been perusing ; while a settled gloom gathered on his venerable brow, as he seemed for a moment absorbed in an unpleasant reverie.—“How many thousands of our innocent fellow-creatures,” said he, after a short pause, resuming his remarks, “must welter in the gory bed of honour and of death, before the national resentment is appeased, and Peace shall once more return, to bless us with her mild and



happy reign. Alas! the makers of War, little know, and seldom feel, the fruitful misery that follows in its train; for if they felt but half the pangs that I and hundreds more have, both in the field of battle, and in the bosom of my family, they would be the last to give birth to so many ineffable horrors!"

"I hope there has not been another battle, my dear father," said the blooming and lovely daughter of the Colonel, in a feeble and faltering voice, as she cast her large blue eyes that glistened with humidity and feeling up towards her father, while the paleness of sickly apprehension spread over her countenance, and her heart palpitated with uncertain terrors.—Eliza had some cause to fear. She loved and was betrothed to an officer in the army, and that officer, was the friend and protege of her father. Her bosom heaved with terror, as she impatiently looked towards her father for a reply.

"Yes, my child, there has been a battle, and Charles may have won unfading laurels and glory, in the defence of his country against a foreign foe!—And he may too!—Alas! poor Charles!—Yes, his fate may have been decided, and he may have repaid all my anxious cares, by falling in defence of his country! It is a glorious death,—and yet it is a melancholy one; at such a time of life too, with all the prospects of happiness opening before him—But why should we despond! Perhaps he still lives, to be a comfort and solace to us all;—perhaps his noble breast still swells with every generous emotion, and he is this moment thinking of his benefactor, his father, his Eliza.—Yes, he may have been distinguish-

ed for his gallantry and promoted ; and he may even now be returning home, in all the exultation of youth flushed with triumph !”

Eliza’s eyes had been dimmed by the tears that gushed into them, as her father alluded to the probable fall of her lover ; but as his hopes revived, and he pictured his successful return, in the glowing language of a soldier and an enthusiast, her beautiful countenance brightened with the beams of joy, and she answered with fascinating and heart-bounding animation—“ Oh yes ! my dear father. Heaven may have directed him to achieve the noblest actions, and have watched his safety through the battle. Let us still hope, my father, nor despair because he is silent. He may have been without the necessary implements of writing, or have wanted time, or opportunity ; and I dare say, all who escaped, did not write to their friends !” Eliza sighed heavily, and tried but in vain to smile, as the tear swelled in her eye.

“ Aye, true, true ! answered the venerable Colonel ;—but I fear the worst, continued he with a shake of the head ;—and now wish that I had never assented to his choice of that profession. Yet, had I denied him, he would have left me forever, to become a wretched, and needy wanderer through the world. What a strange and extraordinary compound of good and singular qualities did he possess ! So amiable, noble, and generous,—and yet so headstrong and impetuous, when the independence of his spirit was even tacitly questioned ; or he fancied he discerned an indirect allusion to his birth.—He always forced

me to esteem and love him, in despite of his fiery and irritable spirit."

Eliza sat listening with rapture to the encomiums so warmly lavished on Charles, by her father; and when he had concluded, she ardently exclaimed.

"Yes, and how charitable and humane too! The poor and the decrepid always were sure of his succour and assistance. I shall never forget that it was he who first taught me to feel for the misery of others, and instructed me in the art of doing good from better motives than mere pride, or vanity.—Charles has a heart too tender for a soldier.—I am certain he never could participate in the vices and follies of a camp"

"I would pledge my life for his honour! said the Colonel with great earnestness.—In whatever situation he is placed, he will always fulfil his duty, and even acquire honour where others would reap only disgrace. Poor Charles, would I were certain of his fate. For now I mourn for him, as if he were dead, and yet feel, when I speak or think of him, as if he were present."

Eliza was relapsing into her former melancholy, when the attention of both was drawn to a vehicle, that drove up with great rapidity, and stopped at the door of the Colonel's dwelling.

But it is necessary to say a few words touching the personage that excited so intense an interest in the old Revolutionary Soldier and his lovely daughter.

Charles Bancroft was a foundling, adopted by the venerable person whose name he now bore, by whom

he was educated as his son, and the brother and companion of Eliza ;—between whom, as they grew up together, a mutual and ardent passion took place. Charles, now Captain Bancroft, no sooner became conscious of the mystery in which his birth was involved, than a deep melancholy settled upon his mind, and made him a victim to the most complete wretchedness and misanthropy, to escape from which as well as to acquire an honourable reputation above the character of a foundling and a dependent, he had resolved to obtain a commission in the army.—During his youth, and whilst engaged in study at College, he had passed under the appellation of the *young philosopher*, a title which his melancholy, as well as genius, had invited.—Endowed with a mind of sensibility, and possessing a handsome face and a graceful person, it was not singular, that he should make a deep and romantic impression upon the susceptible heart of Eliza ; which her father not only approved, but encouraged ; and engaged that upon the return of the Captain from the army, he would settle half his fortune upon his daughter, and join their hands at the Altar.—In anxious expectation of this event, every occurrence was calculated to agitate with hopes and fears, both the father and the daughter.

Many suspicious circumstances, had at times occurred, to throw a gleam of light upon the mysterious parentage of Captain Bancroft ; but nothing decisive had thus far happened in relation to the only subject which poisoned all his earthly enjoyments. It might be a weakness of the mind ; it might be a

morbid disposition ;—still it was a source of intense misery to him, and he knew not a medicament that could soothe or paralyze the corroding thoughts that preyed upon him, respecting his unknown parents.—Why did they cast him off? why blush to own him? why doom him to an existence of endless torture? were questions repeated by the mind in vain—suspicion and conjecture only framed answers, calculated to harrass and embitter every hour of his life.—But to return to the scene we set out to describe.

The Colonel no sooner heard the carriage stop at the door, than unable to restrain his impatience, he rushed into the hall, expecting every moment to meet and to fold the Captain in his arms, as he entered the front door.—But he turned back disappointed, as he observed the servant who was just conducting a gentleman in deep mourning, towards the drawing room. It was not the Captain.—The gentleman entered, and being seated thus addressed the Colonel.

“ My name, Sir, is Huntley.—I am sorry to be the bearer of melancholy tidings—but Death, Sir, is the lot of all, and sooner or later, all must bow before his powerful sword.”

“ Then he has really fallen ! exclaimed the venerable Colonel. My apprehensions were but too true ! Unfortunate Charles ! wretched, miserable father !”

A scream from Eliza now attracted the attention of both ; and as she was falling to the ground in a state of insensibility, her father caught her in his arms.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,

NUMBER XXII.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
There love can scarce deserve the name;  
But mine was like the lava flood  
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.  
I cannot prate in puling strain  
Of lady-love, and beauty's chain.

*The Giaour.*

Eliza was soon restored to a consciousness of life; but not to serenity of mind. The supposed sudden death of a beloved object, and that object a youthful lover, strikes the heart with a sensation of horror, not to be conceived by any but those who have felt it.—Perceiving the Colonel's daughter recovered from her swoon, Mr. Huntley observed :—"I fear I have been the means of producing some painful error, Sir, in regard to the object of my visit. You mentioned a person of the name of Charles.—I have not yet the pleasure to be acquainted with that gentleman. I came to announce the death of his penitent mother, and to restore him, at least to a knowledge of his parents, if not to the honours of his birthright."

"Then he is not dead, cried Eliza! Merciful heaven! I thank you."

"Amen!" said the venerable old Colonel, as he brushed away a tear of joy that gushed to his eyes.

"It grieves me much, said Mr. Huntley, to have been the unconscious cause of so much pain.—But it seems, your thoughts were fixed on an anticipated calamity, of which I was wholly ignorant—Mr. Charles Bancroft, then, I presume is still absent."

"He is, I regret to say it," answered the Colonel.—Here a servant entered, with a parcel of newspapers just received by the mail. "There are no Letters, said the Colonel, but let us see what the papers contain." The hand of the old soldier trembled as he opened them; and Eliza anxious to examine them, but utterly incapable from the excess of her emotion, hid her face in her handkerchief, to conceal that sickness of the heart, which caused her the most excruciating tortures of hope, suspense, and fear.

"Thank God, he is only wounded, at length cried the Colonel, starting up, and that but slightly."—Then turning towards Mr. Huntley, he begged to know, if he could not be entrusted with whatever related to his adopted son, as it was his intention to immediately set off for the frontiers, where Captain Bancroft was detained by his wound.—Mr. Huntley expressed the pleasure with which he confided to his hands, all that related to his adopted son; and accordingly delivered him a package of papers, necessary, he said, to clear up the seeming mystery of his birth, and convince him of his real parentage.—The father and daughter lost no time in setting off for

the quarters of Charles, where they arrived without meeting with any accident or disaster.

We shall pass over the raptures with which the lovers met and embraced, and all the kind enquiries soft ejaculations, melting sighs and tender looks, that passed between them, after so painful a separation, fraught as it was with anticipations of the worst evil, and accidents realizing to the feelings, all that was heart-breaking.

“ The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,  
The least glance better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne’er could say too much;  
A language, too, but like to that of birds,  
Known but to them, at least appearing such  
As but to Lovers a true sense affords;  
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem absurd  
To those who have ceased to hear such, or ne’er  
heard.”

Charles was quartered in a very comfortable Inn, in the town of ———; and in order to be near him, and afford him every assistance, the venerable Colonel and his daughter engaged lodgings under the same roof. It was found, however, that his wound was more serious than was at first reported, and that some weeks must necessarily elapse, before he would be sufficiently recovered to resume his journey homewards with safety.—The Colonel, therefore, took the earliest opportunity of apprising him of the discovery and death of his parent; and having prepared him for the event, so as to obviate any strong emotion from endangering his recovery, he placed the papers in his hands, confided to him by Mr.



Huntley, with a strong and fervent injunction, that whatever might be their contents, he would still keep in mind, that he was *his* son by adoption, and the future husband of Eliza. The Captain having engaged to observe all he said, his venerable friend left him to examine the contents of the packet, that so deeply involved his fate and happiness, and on opening which he read as follows :

*To Charles Bancroft Esquire.*

SIR !

By what other name shall a mother presume to address a natural son, from whom her guilt has estranged her from the moment of his birth. Absence has prevented the growth of that affection, which instinct implants in the breast, to be sanctioned and cherished by reason, and the strongest ties of nature have been overcome by the terrors of a discovery of my guilt, and the dread of shame. Let me now speak the truth, for I love it, and am no longer restrained to duplicity by the fear of consequences. It is now neither my interest to flatter, nor dissemble. You can expect no love from me, and cannot censure me as cruel or unfeeling, because I am destitute of an affection which every subsequent event and circumstance of my life, has contributed to blast. Yet the reputation you bear, has inspired me with an admiration and esteem for your character ; but while I pay the tribute of praise to your genius, I shrink from the scrutiny of your mind, which I well know nothing can escape. It is from the impression of

your fame, however, that I now appeal to your noble generosity, and look for something more than rigid justice, from the hands of a—child.—Yes, you are still my child, notwithstanding the unnatural conduct of your mother. A mother throws herself upon the mercy of her son; and by the tears and agony of unavailing repentance, which now wring her heart, implores his compassion. And yet, were you only to be *just* towards me, you could not execrate me as utterly depraved. For some attempts, however, to bias your happiness, and influence your destiny in life, I must appeal to your mercy and benevolence, to arrest, what I most fear—your abhorrence—your contempt—your resentment. But I ~~am~~ betrayed by the force of my feelings into repetition, yet you will learn to excuse this privilege of misery.—*The narrative* which accompanies this letter is full and explicit. It was, as you will observe, composed in moments of deep compunction, and only intended for your eye, *after my Death*. The shades of privacy and oblivion, have already caused a *moral*, though not a physical termination of my being, which I feel, however, the agony of my heart cannot long postpone, and when you receive this I shall be no more.—I have anticipated the darkness of the tomb, in the thickest gloom of the forest, amidst the dismal croakings of the bird of death, far sequestered from the busy haunts of men. A heart torpid and chilled to the core by misfortune, shuns with loathsome hatred the glare of life and fashion.—In a mind darkly obscured by guilt—in a conscience undergoing the torments of transgression; in the bereave-

ment of my husband and my children—in the alinea-  
tion of my friends and relatives;—in the stigma cast  
on my name by the world;—in the insensibility to  
all joy and happiness; in the loss of fortune, and the  
contempt of the world—and worse than all, perhaps  
in your hatred—do I not make some atonement for  
one indiscretion?—Yes! such my son, is the price I  
now pay for your existence—besides the anxious  
torture of a suspicious mind for five-and-twenty  
years. This is the price, the fatal price of guilt.  
My heart is already clogged with wretchedness and  
woe. This then is the sole reparation I can now  
make you, for the injuries I have done, and the ca-  
lamities I have heaped upon you. Shall it expiate  
my crimes; shall it atone for all? A secret convic-  
tion of your tender mercy, whispers me it shall!  
Yes! the heir of the noble and exalted Mr. Bancroft  
will not deny the humble supplication of a penitent  
mother, who amidst the gloom of her wretched life,  
still feels anxious to avert his curse;—and more, to  
invoke his blessing! Could she accomplish this, the  
path of woe would become less rugged; and her de-  
scent to the tomb, more smooth and easy. But who,  
in the chill wintry blast, can hope to enjoy the flow-  
ers of summer, or bask in the sunshine of June? This  
is a wished-for, but hopeless felicity!—Farewell!”

“Your guilty, but unhappy,”

and Repentant Mother,

“ISABELLA HUNTLEY.”

“Yes! my mother, he exclaimed, you shall receive  
a Son’s blessing! Guilt never could inhabit so fair,

exalted, and transparent a mind ! Your heart is above deceit, duplicity, or crime. A noble nature, like yours, may falter, for want of prudence, in the path of virtue ; but vice is too base to mislead you ; depravity too disgusting to taint your passions ! The pride of virtue, and the ambition of excellence, are stamped upon your great and magnanimous mind, and he who tarnished your fame, could only have betrayed your innocence, under the disguise of virtue. So necessary is prudence to the greatest Natures ; and so indispensable are circumspection and vigilance, to preserve the most resolute virtue, and coldest chastity from the arts of dissembling man."

He now opened the larger packet, which ran as follows :

"PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF ISABELLA HUNTLEY."

"When you peruse this, the shadows of perpetual night, will conceal in the darkness of the tomb your guilty Mother. While you scan the history of her crimes, she is mouldering to dust among the bones of her ancestors, insensible to blame or infamy, and regardless of denunciations or curses. The moaning winds that never murmur through the subterranean vaults of death, cannot convey to her ear, the sentence of condemnation, or the accusation of injury. She will then lie a cold and senseless clod, unconscious of your rebuke, or the world's sharp scorn. The falling fragments of the narrow tenements around her, may from the decay of ages, reverberate through the hollow cell, and startle the timid passenger, who fears in every dismal sound, a superna-

tural token ! But to me it is nothing. My spirit will have flown beyond the reach of mortal fame ; my body will have returned into the elements of which it is composed. I am your Mother ! The name, may exact a veneration, which my virtues do not merit !”

“ I am the eldest daughter of William Whitmore. My father, by whom I was never much beloved, died when I was fifteen. But the excessive fondness of my mother, compensated for every deficiency of paternal affection; and turned the evils of life from my bosom with an anxious care. Whatever I desired, I was sure to enjoy; my education was watched with exact attention, and every expensive accomplishment was lavished upon me. My ambition, however, soared above the petty distinctions of female vanity, and the frivolous objects of a coquette’s desires ! I panted to acquire literary accomplishments, and rival the colloquial powers of masculine understandings. And this splendid eminence I soon attained. A literary professor was chosen to superintend my studies ; he flattered my abilities ; and pronounced the highest encomiums on my genius. He at first attempted to ridicule my reasoning, but perceiving his mistake, and the danger of his own sarcasm recoiling on himself, he changed his attitude, and making me a handsome apology, addressed me very pertinently, in this quotation from *Irene* :

“ I thought, forgive my Fair, the noblest aim,

“ The strongest effort of a female soul,

“ Was but to choose the graces of the day,

“ To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,

“Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,  
“And add new roses to the faded cheek.”

I soon grew conscious of my intellectual powers, and proud of my acknowledged superiority over the common run of my sex. But in the midst of my literary avocations, I did not neglect the exterior graces, and ornamental decorations of my person; it was my aim to win the heart, as well as captivate the mind; and ensure my conquest, by enslaving the reason, as well as exciting the passions of my admirers. Thus I held a double and sure claim to applause and love; where my charms failed, my wit succeeded, and those who could not appreciate my talents, were struck by my beauty; for beautiful I was pronounced by universal acclamation; and whether it is considered vanity to declare, what the world would not allow me to remain ignorant of, I shall not be very solicitous to inquire, at a period when all vanity has passed away from my heart. I could wish more of my own sex, would allay their vanity, by the same knowledge I possessed; and secure their dominion over man, by the laws of reason, more steady in its force, and less transient and capricious in its reign, than passion. Yet even this assertion, is grounded on a consciousness, which some people would erroneously call vanity; but which in my apprehension, is the *inordinate exultation* of splendid qualities, not the *studied display* of frivolous attainments and possessions, miscalled *accomplishments*, and which only glitter to deceive, like the tinsel spread so carefully over baubles, in order to allure a purchaser.”

"Though excessively admired, and obsequiously courted, I arrived at my eighteenth year, without a proposal of marriage. This was partly occasioned by my contempt of ignorance, and scorn of folly. The crowd of Glossamers, that fluttered at an awful distance around me, excited my pity, and drew forth my ridicule. To see a woman with nothing to recommend her, but the hum-drum tattle of the day, and a smooth face with pretty features, was sufficiently disgusting; but when the native dignity of *man*, dwindled to the contemptible frippery of ignorance, vanity, and affectation, I viewed him with something like abhorrence. He appeared to me like a monstrous deformity; and exhibited such a rank perversion of his natural powers, as struck the mind with grief, and a sensation of regret that approached to horror! Such were my impressions, in the susceptible stage of my sensibilities

"The contrast to this description of character, now attracted my attention, won my esteem, and awakened my love. This is the most painful part of the task I have undertaken to perform, in the delineation of my calamities. Mingled sensations of joy and sorrow, admiration and disesteem, surprise and horror, agitate my hand, and shoot through my heart while I retrace in memory this eventful period. How shall I write his name, or depict his character. He is no more! The enormity of his crimes have been expiated by a violent death, in the ignominious cells of a prison! Great God! To what depth of infamy, and baseness of nature, may we not in a moment sink; deceived by the glare of exterior worth,

and lured by specious villainy, to unconscious crime ! On what a slippery, and frightful precipice of passion, do we not all stand ! The next moment may hurl us into the yawning gulf ; and shatter our brittle virtue into fragments ! I shudder with horror at the danger, and writhe under the agonizing pangs of past guilt ! I too fell ! The fatal slip dashed me to the bottom !"—

“ Unutterable anguish !

“ Guilt and Despair, pale spectres, grin around me,  
“ And stun me with the yellings of damnation !

“ Oh, hear my pray’rs ! accept, all-pitying Heav’n,  
“ These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life.”—

“ When Du Pont was introduced to me, I felt for the first time, the awe of admiration, and the thrill of love !”—Here Captain Bancroft stopped reading, from an instinctive chill of horror, that crept through his frame, upon seeing the name of *Du Pont*. The feelings inspired by his mere name, were painful and surprising to the last degree ! He paused a few moments ; a heavy sigh eased his sur-changed breast, and he continued the perusal of the Manuscript.

“ When Dupont was introduced to me, I felt for the first time, the awe of admiration, and the thrill of love. Nature seemed to have lavished upon him with a prodigal hand, every perfection both of mind and person. He was fresh in the bloom of youth, beaming in every manly charm and beauty. He was represented as a young Englishman of eminent fortune ; and his intellectual, as well as exterior accomplishments, bespoke the dignity of his rank. the splendour of his education ; and the extent of his



riches ! I became enamoured of his person, and surprised by his extensive acquirements of various knowledge. My heart was his, before he asked it. Yet he bowed at the shrine of my beauty, with the adoration of a saint, before he enslaved me. The sweetness of his manners was irresistible ; the charm of his sentiments captivating ; and the tenderness of his private address ineffable and overpowering. But let me explain more distinctly."

" He addressed me, under a formal proposition for our future marriage. In the lover, panting before me in obsequious adoration, I beheld the future husband, who was to possess an eternal claim on my heart and affections. Suspicion or distrust, therefore, did not haunt me for a moment. My youthful breast, opened its fullest confidence, to his treacherous vows, with its natural candour, and ingenuousness. In his presence my life was but a continued dream of superior bliss. I had read much of the felicity of courtship ; and gave free sway to all my ecstatic feelings. He saw his power ; I reposed on his honour. He betrayed my innocence ; I became the victim to his passion ! Here, would I could draw a veil over all that followed."

" And now my son ! unhappy offspring of my too easy faith !"—" Du Pont my Father !" exclaimed the Captain with astonishment and horror ! as the Manuscript fell from his hands, in which it had before been trembling ; and he remained for some time mute in stupid horror, and amazement. The anguish of his feelings were unequalled. A thousand painful recollections pressed upon his mind, while

his heart sunk in conscious degradation. The murderer and seducer of Julia and Matilda, and of James, was his Father! He had planned the ruin of Eliza, whose vows of love were plighted to *his Son*! Gracious Heaven! what a scene of iniquity opened before his astonished eyes. The *Suicide*, whose life he had preserved; and who expired within a goal, in his arms, was *his Father*! The agony of his mind, deprived him of all power of thought, it was the fullness of misery; and he could think no more. After remaining motionless for some time, he attempted to rouse himself from the lethargy in which his mind was lost, that painful reverie caused by the wide range of its afflicting wanderings. Some time elapsed, before he became sufficiently collected, to resume the perusal of the manuscript, which he once more opened with a heavy heart.

—“Unhappy offspring of my too easy faith! judge fairly of your mother’s guilt; who amidst every imposing appearance of honour, and virtue, fell an innocent sacrifice to the snares of vice, for I can call his art by no softer term! Can she be guilty, who under the strong conviction of the speedy fulfilment of a virtuous contract, relaxes her vigilance for a moment, from the force of privileged love? The world will say, she was imprudent; and imprudence when followed by evil, becomes criminal, and assumes the character and name of Vice! I grant this. Yet where is the evidence of my depravity of heart, or my licentiousness of principle? The tenour of my previous, and subsequent life, repels the foul suspicion. The power of circumstances authorised se-

curity; it was the villainy of my seducer, that reduced me to the imputation of guilt. Had Du Pont fulfilled his promise of marriage, what would have been the opinion of the world?—That I was virtuous. On him, therefore, and not on me, be the imputation of depravity.

“While I blame myself, therefore, for the unconscious commission of a crime; I never will confess that my conduct was unprincipled or depraved. The deep duplicity, and wily arts of designing man, may shake the foundations of the firmest virtue in the same manner. In the impenetrable disguise of goodness, what mischief may not be perpetrated; whose innocence may not be destroyed?”

“Du Pont avoided my presence, from the moment of his nefarious treachery. My mother inquired the cause? I was confounded by guilt, shame, and disappointment! The struggles of virtuous pride caused the disruption of my peace and tranquillity. Concealment became impossible; I grew sick, and was warned of the dreadful event that was fast approaching. The tender importunity and anxious solicitude of my mother, drew forth the fatal secret from my bosom. She rebuked me severely for my imprudence, and chided me for my distrust. The experience of age, and the sagacity of selfishness, struck out an expedient for the preservation of my honour! She consoled me in my misfortune, and cheered me, by assurances of the complete success of her deceitful scheme. I at first turned with disgust and abhorrence from the path of deceit, but it being the only means, by which to secure her happiness, I at last reluctantly consented to the shameful fraud!”

"I was now said to be afflicted with maladies suited to my condition. Change of air, kept me from being too closely watched; and seclusion was recommended as essential to my recovery. Even my brother, never conjectured the real nature of my disease. Preparations for my secret confinement, were made in the cottage of Polly Meadows; and the wishes of my mother were gratified, by my delivery of a son, without the remotest suspicion being harboured by any one, of my loss of innocence; and I once more emerged into the gay world, a captivating virgin, whose brilliant charms, and uncommon accomplishments had been rescued from the grave, to prove a blessing to the world."

"My mother now wrote to Du Pont, in terms calculated to secure his secrecy. Mingled threats, promises, and persuasions, elicited a sacred pledge of his honour, not to divulge my guilt, and ruin my reputation. He remarked that he was fully satisfied; and neither desired to expose me to shame, or lure me to destruction. He kept his word with religious strictness."

"You must before now have perceived, that Ambition was my ruling Passion. Mr. Huntley was presented to me, at a time when my heart was still occupied by the image of Durand. The rumour of my charms and accomplishments, had excited his curiosity, inflamed his desires, and raised his expectations of enjoying perfect happiness in my possession. This was during your fourth year. I saw and admired him; and had not Durand made a previous impression on my heart, I could have loved him. He was

handsome, accomplished, learned, and proud. He bowed before me; and solicited my hand; I hesitated, and for some time delayed an answer. His constancy brooked a longer protraction of his bliss, than lovers are accustomed to display. My want of love for him, though I highly esteemed his amiable manners; and the deceit I should necessarily practice towards him, proved serious obstacles to my consort. At length the rhetorick of my mother overcame my scruples, and my ambition urged me to secure the conquest. I signified that in three months, he should wed me; he received the intelligence with rapture and gratitude; and prepared to solemnize our nuptials with sumptuous festivity, and varied amusements!"

"At intervals during the time of Huntley's courtship, I had continued to take you with me in the carriage, from the cottage of a woman who had been hired to adopt you as her own. This pleasure I ventured to indulge in, only three weeks before my marriage with Huntley; when you were nearly six years old. My mother was that evening with us; and strongly opposed my calling at the cottage for you. The danger I then escaped, deterred me from a repetition of the pleasure. As we were returning to the cottage to leave you, Mr Huntley rode up to us on horseback, being on his way to visit me. He heard you frequently call me *Mama*; and with a smile congratulated me in jest, on having so fine a son. The blood rushed to my face, and my heart sunk within me. My mother, though startled, was *not* confused. She explained the strange liking the

boy had to me, and would call me 'ma, in defiance of every thing ! He apologized for his rudeness, protested he meant nothing but a jocose remark. Thus our terrors were happily dissipated ; we set you and Sally down at the cottage ; and vowing never again to hazard my honour, in the same manner, we all returned to the seat."

" My mother, however, was not satisfied with my promise to see you no more ; she blamed my indiscretion, and was resolved to guard against its future occurrence ! She dwelt upon the probability of your hereafter coming to a knowledge of my being your mother ; and that pride or vanity might impel you to declare it to the world. Thus your removal was insisted on. I urged the cruelty of exposing you to beggary, vice, and perhaps death. But she obviated these objections, and stated the humanity of the plan she had devised to get rid of you. John, the coachman, often talked of the strange character of Poole, Mr. Bancroft's servant ; and upon further enquiry of his character, John told us that he always walked from town to the seat, in preference to riding, with many other traits of his humanity, tenderness, and self-denial. It was my mother's plan, to carry you to the road leading to Mr. Bancroft's seat ; and leave you there to be picked up by Poole ; while somebody watched you, in the bushes, till they saw you in his possession. I objected to this, that Mr. Bancroft might perhaps make a servant of you. Another expedient of my mother's, destroyed the force of this obstacle. She said, by dressing you finely, and putting some gold in your pocket, Mr. Bancroft might

be induced to adopt you: and at any rate, from his known effusions of beneficence, would educate you like a gentleman; while the bar of impossibility would forever preclude the discovery of your parents."

"Thus it was decided, that you should be laid in the way of Poole. Sally conducted you to Fairman's wood, that skirts the road; and availing herself of an opportunity, fled from your sight, and concealed herself in a neighbouring thicket, from whence she could watch your motions. She remained there till Poole found you on the road side; and when, by being tripped up by the roots, you fell crying to the ground, she could with great difficulty refrain from snatching you up; and was on the point of doing so, when you ceased to weep!"

"The success of my mother's project caused her vast exultation; and she bestowed a profusion of praises on her own dexterity. She read Mr. Bancroft's advertisements in the papers with heartfelt delight. The secrecy of your foster-mother, and of Polly Meadows, was easily secured by bountiful bribes; and I became the bride of the deluded Huntley."

"On this subject, the honour of my mother, who promoted the match, may justly suffer imputation to tarnish its lustre. That she was ever sternly virtuous, is my immoveable conviction. The vanity of a mother excited by the praises of her daughter, and her natural feelings of regard for me, as well as her own selfishness, impelled her to a deceit, not totally justifiable! Besides violating the principles of equi-

ty, truth, and candour, she put in the utmost peril, the happiness of our family, and our offspring for ever."

"I soon became tenderly attached to Mr. Huntley, who proved the fondest of husbands. A son in due season blessed the sight of his enraptured father; and by awakening new feelings in my bosom, reconciled me to your bereavement, which I had long regretted. My legitimate child, however, by being nourished at my breast, excited a fondness, a *doating love*, which I had never experienced for you. Were mothers to know the difference in the degree, or rather *kinds* of bliss, that they enjoy by suckling their infants, hireling strangers would never be permitted to rob them of the sweetest pleasure. that can melt the heart of a mother!"

"My only care now, was to guard against a discovery; and the misery which this watchful precaution, and perpetual fear cost me, embittered every enjoyment of my life. Yet my tranquillity was not much disturbed, till the night I beheld you, in the next box in the theatre, and your resemblance to Du Pont, with the horrid surprise of so unlooked for a meeting, made me, from an involuntarily impulse, utter his name; and hurry out of the theatre! My mother reprehended me with sharpness, for my want of self-control; and the party we were to meet there, were exceedingly astonished at the circumstance of our departure, notwithstanding it was carefully attributed to ill health! This event shocked me extremely: and inspired me with a perpetual dread of a discovery; of which I could not divest myself, wherever I



went. The sacrifice which guilt makes to security, and concealment, would itself deter the boldest villain from wickedness, if previously known, and experienced."

And now, my Son, let me draw a veil over the remainder of a life, which towards you was a series of unjustifiable cruelties, and to the world appeared like the effulgent blaze of a Comet's course, in the sphere of fashion and opulence. With a heart ill at ease, and a mind giddy and bewildered, I passed through scenes of gaiety without feeling joy, and affected the love of virtue, while my heart secretly rebuked me for its past transgressions.—But can you forgive me? Shall I not die in peace, assured that you can compassionate the frailties of a parent, and weep over the misfortunes of an unhappy mother? Yes! I will cherish the consolatory illusion! I will study to think that you have embraced and forgiven me, and that we part only for a season, to meet again where nothing shall ever sever us. Oh! my son! I have felt much, too much affliction and woe, through a splendid life;—but this moment is the most bitter of all; fraught with the deepest agony of the heart. But I must conclude. If you drop but one tear over my grave, it will cause my spirit to rejoice, and look down upon you with an eye of blessing.—Farewell! and may you never feel aught but compassion for

Your repentant Mother,

*Isabella Huntley.*

For some time after the Captain had finished the perusal of the Memoirs of his mother, he remained absorbed in a variety of the most painful and gloomy

reflections. A new vista of life had opened before him; and many of the mysterious events of his being, had been cleared up in a manner, which threw a chilling sensation of distrust upon the heart. To find a mother the persecutor of her child! To know that she attempted even his life, to shield her fame from the danger of a discovery!—But he forgave all—but who can forget the indelible impressions that misery makes upon the heart!

He still continued to hold the manuscript in his hand, when the venerable old Colonel, impatient to see him, entered his chamber, and with a smiling countenance exhorted him to cheerfulness and content. He had heard all, from an intimate friend who had just returned from England, where he had seen *Mr. Huntley*, the husband of the unhappy mother of Captain Bancroft.—“He certainly behaved towards your unfortunate parent with a noble generosity.—My friend, Mr. Southerland, was privy to the whole arrangement of their separation: and accompanied Mr. Huntley to London, purely to assuage the affliction that preyed upon his heart. Upon the discovery of her indiscretion, he immediately addressed her the following Letters.

“*Madam,*

“A distressing, and incredible rumour has just reached me.—Have you a natural son; or had you, at any time, one?”

“I do not upbraid you! A simple answer to this interrogatory is all I desire, for my satisfaction. The bearer will wait for a reply.”

“*A. Huntley.*”

"When Mrs. Huntley, continued the Colonel, received this laconic note, her heart became almost senseless; its feverish throb grew cold, her mind torpid, and her whole frame chilled and inanimate. From the style of this Letter, she apprehended all that could follow; and the dreadful calamity which she had strove to ward off for upwards of twenty years, as the last and utmost affliction of life, now struck to her heart, the blow of terror, sadness, and dismay. To deny the truth, she now saw would be useless; to confess it, was a task that harrowed up every nicer feeling of her susceptible heart. Yet what else could be done! She snatched a pen with frantic resolution; and while her swimming eyes could scarcely guide her hand, wrote a reply in these words:

"You have heard the truth. I know, and am prepared for the worst. It grieves me to prove the cause of your unhappiness; but grief is no remedy. I could say much in extenuation of my conduct at some future day. At present nothing. A stream of ice swims round my heart. Farewell!"

*"Isabella."*

"From the time Mr. Huntley had despatched his note, till the return of the coachman with the above reply, he had paced the room in which he remained, with agitated steps, and a wretched heart; not doubtful as to the truth of the report, but wishing to ground his actions on a better foundation than public rumour. He knew scandal to be a busy maker of mischief; and was familiar with the industry of envy, in magnifying evil reports of others, creating false

crimes, distorting real improprieties, and embellishing slight trespasses, and venial faults.

“ Having determined on the course of conduct, he meant to pursue without deviation, or the least abatement in the severity of his sentence on his miserable wife, he returned her a final answer in the following terms.

“ *Madam,*

“ The imperious dictates of honour, point to but one path, for the redress of an injury like mine. Affection, generosity, compassion, and all the softer sentiments that can touch the heart, are swallowed up in the enormity of the offence. Nothing can effectually plead with my heart, to restore you to its confidence. The bond of our connection is forever broken. It is true, we have lived long together in harmony and love; but I was ignorant that your honour was tarnished by the worst of crimes. The *opinion* of your chastity, though founded on false appearances, saved me from any participation in vice. I thought of, and loved you, as a virtuous woman ! The illusion is dispelled; and though I still love you, yet it is only to augment my misery; my affection cannot reverse the decision of my judgment. I shall leave you forever !”

“ To part forever from the mother of my children; from the wife of my bosom, after three and twenty years passed with felicity in her company, causes, however, many intense pangs of heartfelt misery ! Our children, Isabella, will feel the pernicious effects of your imprudence, with the acutest misery ! Edward must follow me to England. Of Sophia, what

can I say ! Guard her from your indiscretion; save her from the gulph that destroyed you, them, and me !”

“ Why did you deceive me ? But I forget; why are all mankind employed in duplicity, circumvention, and falsehood ? To accomplish their selfish designs, gratify their passions, and advance their fortunes ! This is the business of the world ! I have paid the natural forfeit of dealing with my fellow-creatures !”

“ You know my resolution. The pointed finger of scorn, and sarcastick whisper of pity, I cannot brook. In three days I shall sail for *England*, in a ship by which I only intended to *write*. Such is the fatality, such the uncertitude of life !”

“ I spare your feelings. The agent I shall leave to settle my affairs, will deliver you a paper, giving you a title to two thousand dollars per annum.—Retire from the gay, the giddy, and the loquacious world. Study to avoid traducement; and by concealing the disgrace you have brought upon me, by your incontinence, make the only reparation in your power, for the fatal blemish you have brought upon my fame.” Farewell,

“ *A. Huntley.*”

“ Three days after this, Mr. Huntley sailed for England, where he arrived in safety.

In a few weeks the Captain being able to travel without danger, or inconvenience, the venerable Colonel, and the two lovers returned towards home, where they safely arrived on the seventh day.—Preparations were now made to celebrate their nuptials

It was about the middle of May. All nature seemed replete with love. Content and bliss beamed on the face of all around, and every field wore the blooming verdure of Paradise, to the melting eyes of enraptured love; which gives to the most delicious flowers a sweeter fragrance, and adds fresh beauty to the charms of Nature. Love softens and refines every sense. The melody of birds then sounds more enchanting, the babbling of a brook, strikes on the nerves a languishing and soothing pleasure, while the soft whisperings of the breeze seem to bear on their wings the sighs of love, and fan the rising flame of amorous desire.—The happy day at length arrived, and the venerable soldier of the Revolution, gave the hand of his lovely daughter to our Young Soldier.

“To the nuptial bower  
“ He led her blushing like the morn; all Heav’n,  
“ And happy constellations, on that hour  
“ Shed their selectest influence; the earth  
“ Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
“ Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
“ Whisper’d it to the woods, and from their wings  
“ Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
“ Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
“ Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star  
“ On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.”



THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
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ENGLISH STYLE.

Such foes as learning once was doom'd to see ;  
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee.—  
SAVAGE.

THE prevailing species of English composition presents the most ridiculous diversity, that is perhaps to be found in the whole history of Letters. No style seems too contemptible for imitation ; and no extravagance too absurd for tolerance ; every extreme of turgid circumlocution and feeble brevity, is practiced without rule or art, elegance or harmony ; and the orator of the day alternately whines in female softness, and rages in lofty tones of sonorous declamation.

Nor are such follies alone confined to the superficial, or exclusively characteristic of deficient education and partial knowledge. The scholars of the University and the masters of professions, are equally guilty of this violation of propriety, and equally destitute of purity of taste, and solidity of judgment.—The only standard that seems to be adhered to, is that of deversity ; he who can make out to differ



from another, thinks he has reached the pinnacle of excellence, and may justly boast of superior eloquence and commanding genius. He lays claim to a creative mind, and demands the admiration of the world with the assurance of dulness, and the stupid certainty of applause; unconcious of the laughter he excites, and insensible of the contempt which he inspires.

It is surprizing with how quick an effort and in how short a period, every species of English composition in prose, arrived at perfection, was polished to splendour, and shone with beauty. A barbarous phraseology seems only incident, to an ignorant age, when mental torpitude obstructs the flow of thought, and gross pursuits of bodily pleasures or external magnificence, precludes the emulation of intellectual vigour, and confines the attention to corporeal action, or lulls it to barbarous indolence. As soon as mature reflection rouses the mind to activity, and distinct thoughts range themselves in congruous order, words adapted to impart their meaning seem to offer themselves without effort, and are naturally arranged in just dependance, order, and connection. No sooner do correct thoughts, therefore, take possession of the minds of a people, than they can express them with propriety; and between propriety and elegance, the distance is small, and the ability that it requires inconsiderable. He who could raise an edifice solid and compact, with due proportions, and necessary compartments would find it easy to add embellishments, adorn it with beauty, and decorate it with splendour.

The mysterious connection between our words and our thought, is part of the human intellect that defies explication, and seems to baffle philosophy. We perceive the perfection, of the one invariably conjoined with perfection in the other, either in speech or composition. He whose elocution is confused, hesitating, and imperfect, rarely has clear and expansive conceptions ; although a defect of the former, may be observable in conversation, by a mind at once enlarged and quick, fertile and flowing ; but then it will possess a volubility in writing, an easy lapse of words, and a happy mode of expression.

Experience informs us of these truths independent of reasoning, and without a perfect knowledge of the process by which they are effected. Yet there is sufficient reason to believe, from the general precedence of thoughts to words, that the former, whether perfect or defective, suggest the latter of a correspondent nature ; and that hence, when a people come to think with perspicuity and precision, they likewise begin to discourse with propriety, and to write with correctness.

This however, must only be understood of the vernacular tongue of every nation ; and not of the accidental knowledge and partial excellence that may obtain among a few of the learned languages. For those who in an ignorant age, write in an obsolete and unknown tongue, may as well not write at all ; as their knowledge, their reason, and their learning are equally as dead to the world, as the words in which they cloathe them.

*Hence it has happened, that almost all the first*

productions that have been preserved, of an English prose style, exhibit an excellence which has not since been greatly surpassed, or much improved, in the body and substance of composition, although beauty and harmony have been superadded. Elizabeth's reign, as Johnson has wisely observed, presents us with every excellence of composition, in various performances, and scattered works. The prose of Bacon is replete with energy, and not without harmony; being full, majestic and flowing. Sydney and Shakespeare, although poets, yet were not incapable of producing the best prose, as their writings evidently attest.

After this period, Brown presents himself as the greatest improver of English composition; and as a writer who blended the estimable features of genius and christianity, with perfection that can with difficulty be surpassed, and with piety that cannot be exceeded, without mischief. His diction is copious, and exuberant, like his ideas; distinguished for variety, melody, and strength; and his periods are round, voluble, and easy. Although his style is not effeminate, yet, there is a music in his sentences, which charms the mind, though he has little imagery to delight the fancy; and we repose at the end of his periods, with the pleasure that truth imparts, and the satisfaction that results from a developement of hidden ideas. His knowledge was extensive and full, and his thoughts correct and exuberant; hence his style was diffuse, though energetic, and his diction harmonious, though studied and select.

*From Brown to Dryden, and from Dryden to Ad-*

dison, the space of time is small ; yet the improvement in our style is proportionably smaller Dryden's genius was equally exuberant and rich, but he only displayed it in the fields of poetry ; and his prose compositions although elegant and vigorous, yet are more concise and terse than Brown's ; and though they are flowing, yet do not flow with equal majesty. The difference between Brown and Dryden is nearly equal to that between Steele and Johnson.

The variations in our prose writers, seem to have corresponded with the vicissitudes in life and manners. Addison refined upon Dryden's mode of writing to an effeminate and feeble degree ; and Swift is only more vigorous, because he is more concise, simple and compact. Addison appears to seize his notions with so delicate a touch, that they merely hang together, with the apparent danger of dissolving ; and are so feebly expressed as to make little impression on the mind, and leave but a faint shadow on the memory

That we hazard much by so unfavourable a judgment of the style of a distinguished writer, we are fully aware ; especially as that style has been emphatically approved for its excellence, and strongly recommended for imitation, by the great English Lexicographer. Yet our opinion does not stand alone, in so important a question of critical taste, and philological perfection. An eminent professor of polite letters and profound learning,\* has demonstrat-

\* Blair.

ed by detailed reasoning, what I alledge as the result of investigation ; an investigation not totally abstract, or merely critical ; for of his numerous productions which I perused, I could not conceive them fully, according to his mode of expression, nor remember them long, without some variation of their original form.

Since Johnson, however, has said "that whoever wished to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," Addison, has been imitated and refined on, till what was familiar has become vulgar, and what was elegant has grown too minutely pretty, to be readily applauded or greatly relished. A style originally feeble, is sure to become more enervate in the hands of followers, who if they have the ability to imitate with exactitude, are apt to think, that they have also ability to improve on their model ; and as they are told that the pre-eminent excellence of Addison's mode of writing is familiar elegance, their efforts are directed to this point, and by striving to heighten its case and beauty, they slide into what is vulgar, and garnish their discourse with all the pretty figures and neat turns, that could start into the fancy of a milliner's apprentice, or adorn the epistle of a love-stricken confectioner. Whatever is little, pretty and trim, must in their judgment possess the qualities of elegance ; and if it has genteel dimensions, suited to the vocal orifice of a diminutive lady, its value is enhanced, and its beauty is incontestible.

*Why Addison's terse style should be so universal.*

ly imitated, is easily explained from its being adapted to the most superficial and ignorant minds — Whoever can write at all, is sure to write like Addison, if he bears resemblance to any body; as the poetasters of the last century, have all written in the melodious strain of Pope, and now warble after the last Minstrel's melancholy lay.

Other extremes, however, equally deformed, contemptible and ridiculous, sometimes obtain to the detriment of good writing, the depravation of a pure taste, and the obstruction of permanent excellence. The beautiful harmony of Johnson's nervous style, has imparted pleasure to every correct taste, and excited the admiration of every well-constructed intellect: and hence, what was so highly pleasing, has naturally excited frequent imitation. All his imitators, however, like those of Addison, have copied only one of his beauties, without being sensible of the rest, or not able to produce, if they discerned them. They have all carried his energy to excess, without mingling it with the superior qualities of his sublime composition; his harmony, vivacity, richness and beauty. Hence they strut in turgid pomp, without the graceful motion, majestic step, or elegant attire of their master; and rather show the affectation and imbecility of the slave, than the ardour and faithfulness of a voluntary follower, or the free imitation of congenial greatness.

Thus we have many, who make a confused noise with big words, without producing either sense or beauty; and many more, who mutter their wisdom in so trim a style and terse a phraseology, that their

intended meaning scarcely finds a passage to the mind of the reader. Both excesses are reprehensible and ridiculous, and show more poverty of thought, and barrenness of invention, than any other qualities. He who would acquire a mode of writing, elegant, nervous and flowing, must follow no master of composition with servility, nor trust wholly to his own powers for perfection. Every mind has a peculiar method of thinking, that cannot be conveyed perfectly in any style, which fashion may make a standard of excellence or a model for imitation; and he who hopes to write well, must first learn to write naturally, and according to the propensity and peculiarities of his own intellect; he may then collect images and illustrations; observe the beauties that please in celebrated authors, and endeavour to emulate them, without copying their form, stretching to the same height, or stooping to the same littleness.

THE  
AUTHOR'S JEWEL,  
NUMBER XXIV.

CLARA.

Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be still—  
Is human love the growth of human will?  
To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,  
And when they love, your smilers guess not how  
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.  
They were not common links, that form'd the chain  
That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and brain;  
But that wild tale she brook'd not to unfold,  
And seal'd is now each lip that could have told.

BYRON'S LARA.

CLARA was the beauty of a village, where to be so distinguished, argued charms beyond the common stamp of those termed beautiful; for there were many maidens in the town remarkable for their personal endowments and natural grace; but still, Clara outshone them all. A full length miniature of her is now suspended before me while I write. It was taken before her misfortune, at the entreaty of her lover, among whose effects, after he had committed suicide, I discovered it. Her figure is rather tall and thin, more delicate, however, than emaciated. The gracefulness of her form is magical. Her humid blue



eyes shaded by long and dark lashes, even appear to glance on me with chastened fire, at this moment. The silky lustre of her auburn tresses, that cluster round each temple, shade a complexion of the most delicate hue and softness; while the graceful turn and beautiful form of her thin neck, are finely contrasted, by a bosom that seems to swell from the ivory, on which it is depicted. Her countenance and figure possess that ineffable character, that air so indescribable, which interests every beholder; which almost every man has seen and felt, and felt to be incommunicable.

Clara was the sole surviving child of a physician, who dying while she was yet in her sixth year, left her to the care of a doating mother. She was the heir to all the sensibilities of a morbid father, who combined to a splendid genius, the most distracting susceptibility of nerve, and despondency of temper, yet bountifully gifted with the most exalted attributes of mind and heart, but somewhat tinged with eccentricity, and a peculiar humour of character, was destined to become a martyr to the very genius that should have procured him renown and fortune.

Clara's mother knew little of the human heart; and still less of philosophy. She had been bred in ease and affluence; had mixed with the best and most fashionable company; and her refinement of manners, together with her vivacity of temper, caused her to pass for what is termed in every day court phraseology "a very fine woman." She was handsome, and had been beautiful. But her mind was superficial, and her heart not remarkable for its tender-

ness. The art of conversation was with her, nothing more than the common small talk of gossips ; the tattle of the tea-table, and the eternal iteration of unmeaning trifles. Having never been blessed with a taste for literature, her reading was extremely limited ; and it was a subject of reasonable surprise to her acquaintance, how a woman with so little knowledge, appeared in the world to so much advantage, and passed through all its varied scenes with so much eclat. Yet is it not the case, with nineteen-twentieths of the sex ?

How different a being was Clara ! the young, the beautiful Clara ! at only seventeen. As I before said, she was heir to all her father's mind ; all his sensibility ; and too much of his melancholy temperament. Her very countenance glittered with the beams of intellect. You fancied you saw the soul playing in the ever varying expressions of that beautiful, young, and innocent face. Never did I perceive that countenance in that full, calm, *animal* repose, so common to others. It was ever quivering like the bosom of a translucid lake, in brilliant undulations. Even when most pensive, it was still all alive ; and though the involuntary tears stood trembling on her cheeks, like the chrystal dew-drops on the morning rose, still it swam in all the mysterious divinity of soul.

It must not be imagined, that Clara was a professed *sentimentalist*. On the contrary, she was an entire stranger to that *cant* of feeling, which supplies the want of *heart* in the giddy, the volatile, and the gay. Her sentiment was the offspring of feeling, not of art.

or affectation; it was the sentiment of *nature*. To detail her education from her A. B. C. to the time that she completed a course of lectures on Botany, would be more irksome than edifying. Suffice it, that *Miss Edgeworth* was not consulted on that important occasion; her mother being too indifferent upon the subject, to concern herself with a system beyond her comprehension. But still Clara was all, that education could make a woman. I was about to say she was more; for her superior mind carried her beyond the boundaries of art, and the maxims of science. Beyond the *rudiments*, and mere details of knowledge, she was what education and discipline never can create—she was an original genius; brilliant, inventive, and captivating, and possessed a powerful and florid imagination. Abstractedly, we would suppose this a dangerous faculty for a young and lovely girl. But hers was too powerful to be dangerous; it rather dispelled illusions, than created them; or if it ever gave birth to momentary visions, its career was so rapid that it broke the spell before there was time for danger. She was to be sure an enthusiast, but a melancholy enthusiast is always apt to confine itself to excellence and truth.

Upon the death of her father, her mother retired to the village of *Haverton*, from motives of economy, being left with what was alone sufficient to prove a comfortable competency, under good management. It was in this village Clara was educated. Her tutor was a recuse clergyman, whose wife, children, and connexions, disease had stricken from the roll of life; leaving him but one pleasure to vivify the fad-

ing spark of existence—that of *benevolence*. He had taken lodgings in the neat little mansion of the widow, a few days after her settlement in the village; and had now been an esteemed inmate for eleven years. In that period, he had become like a second father to Clara, whose worth he perceived, cherished and developed. The rich stores of his mind were gradually and without difficulty infused into the apt intellect of his amiable, lovely, and sensitive pupil; till she became little inferior to her preceptor. On her part, she repaid him with an ardour of affection and gratitude, that gave fresh charms, to what he had before imagined to be an insipid and cheerless existence.

There was a want of *heart*, however, in the widow which kept her from coalescing with the worthy old clergyman, who went under the name of Barlow. Still all was harmony and apparent affection; but real affection there was not, because *she* was incapable of feeling it. The clergyman gave her all his compassion; all his indulgence; and many occasional exhortations of benevolence.

Affectionate natures cannot collapse with frigid and indifferent ones; and they feel, exquisitely feel, the want of tenderness in others. Clara was unhappy only in this particular. She felt the want of an *affectionate* mother, on whose bosom she could pour out all the trembling thoughts of her heart, in the full assurance of sympathy and love. Her young friends were indeed affectionate and kind; but Clara was too unlike the giddy creatures that laughed around her, to find sympathy in them. Often would

she retire into solitude, oppressed by fulness of heart, and give vent to her griefs, while gazing on the starry heavens, and communing in secret with her God. Often too, would she throw herself upon the bosom of her reverend tutor, to ease her full soul of its overpowering feelings, and receive the consolation of his paternal sympathy and affection.

The heart of Clara was formed for love. She was unhappy, but knew not why. She wished for something to add to the happiness of life, but knew not what. All was vague and indefinable; but something essential to the heart was wanting, and that something was Love. Her books, that were wont to fill her mind, and beguile her hours, now gave her but little pleasure; and she even sometimes began to feel weary of her good old friend the Clergyman.—She mingled in company with all the youth of the village; but still there was a void, which the gayest company could not supply; it was a void of the heart; and laughter, merriment, and conversation, never administered joy to that one want. Let it not be imagined that Clara was wretched; that she pined away in fretfulness, or ill humour. Far from it. To others she appeared happy; and *to herself only*, was this want of something known and felt, but unimagined, as to its real nature.

The marriage of a neighbour's daughter with a young merchant of New-York, was on the eve of being celebrated; and Clara was chosen to be one of the maids of the Bride. A marriage at Haverton, though not looked on as a miracle, was still a matter of some importance; and the bustle, stir, and

gossiping it occasioned was not a little. Clara felt much for her young friend's trepidation, but she felt nothing for the cause which occasioned it. Matrimony if it is an interesting crisis, is still a voluntary change; and no one merits compassion for undertaking an enterprise to be happy.

The day before the wedding brought the destined husband and his two young friends to Haverton. Meadville arrived in a curricule of his own, with two outriders. In the evening the parties all met at the house of Clara's friend, Mrs. Brownly.—At the sight of Meadville, and before she had been presented to him, Clara made an involuntary start; then blushed, and attempted to compose herself. She had never seen Meadville before, and why should she start at the sight of him? She asked her heart this question in silence, but received no answer. She trembled! Why did she tremble? Alas! she knew not! She grew pensive and melancholy! That was nothing singular; she was often pensive!—But she could not keep her eyes off of Meadville, except when she perceived the ardour of his gaze fixed upon her; and then, deeply blushing, she looked around for succour in her distress; yet she wished not to be relieved, for amidst all her confusion, she still felt an indescribable satisfaction in the company then present.

We shall not describe the wedding of her young friend.—It passed over as all weddings do, with sufficient hilarity and joy; in producing which, Clara's mother played the most brilliant and conspicuous part.—The wedding was over; and the married pair had left the village but two days, when Meadville

returned to Haverton in his curricule. Speculation and curiosity were all alive, to learn the nature of his errand.

Clara upon the departure of her friend, had felt excessive sorrow. She felt sorrow, despondency, and sickness of heart, and she placed it to the account of her friend's separation. Though neither simple, nor ignorant, it was a natural conclusion for an innocent and unsophisticated girl, situated as she was, and reared as she had been.

Let the reader remember, that Clara was not a boarding-school lady, or a fashionable belle. It may seem extraordinary, but still it is the truth, Clara was an entire stranger to novels, and no better acquainted with *Ovid's Love*, than *Tom Jones*. Her Reverend tutor had studiously kept all Romances from his pupil, till she should have attained an age to read them with judgment and discrimination, and consequently without danger. Clara, therefore, knew nothing of the *art* of Love, from books, and practice had never initiated her into its mysteries. What she felt, she therefore supposed to be all friendship; but she was not long undeceived in respect to the real character of her impressions.

Meadville immediately repaired to the house of Clara's mother, with whom he appeared much more intimate, and practised to be more agreeable than with the daughter. Her mother welcomed him with a sparkling eye, and a voluble tongue. At forty, a handsome woman, with no knowledge, and an unfeeling heart, is but a girl in her teens. Clara's mother was still something of a belle. The sudden re-

turn of Meadville, and his marked gallantry towards her, gave a tingling sensation to her heart, and threw a slight flush over her countenance, to which she had long been a stranger. The passion of Meadville plainly pointed to Clara; but she was reserved and cold in appearance towards her lover, whatever might be her real sentiments. But the mother was always an interposing obstacle between him and Clara. The compliments he designed for the latter, were always received and welcomed by the mother. In all their little rambles and parties of pleasure through the country, whether to ride, walk, or explore the romantic scenery that bordered the margin of the still more romantic river; still the mother from her vivacity of temper, and the daughter from her reserve and modesty, now heightened by a conscious feeling of tenderness, occupied situations precisely the reverse of what Meadville desired. Each day, each hour added but to the flame that burnt in the bosom of Clara; while the widow cherished the most pleasing illusions of soon becoming for a second time, a happy and joyous bride. And this delusion, however strange it may appear, became the means of their illicit union.

To obtain the daughter, Meadville perceived, or thought he perceived, that it would first be necessary to court the mother; but still he had no design of making her his wife. Observing her ardour daily increase; that her sighs became more audible, and her blushes deeper; that her vivacity sometimes sunk into pensiveness, and her easy flow of discourse into melancholy silence; he determined to profess at once



a devoted attachment to the widow, in order to take off all attention from his designs upon the daughter. An occasion soon presented itself. He avowed his admiration for the mother, she confessed her love, and agreed to name an early day for their nuptials. Meadville was struck with ineffable amazement; he had never calculated on her consent, yet he was not made up of timid qualities, either to despair, or to retreat. But what course could he adopt? To retreat was in fact impossible, unless he gave up all thoughts of ever possessing the beautiful and charming Clara; whom he looked on with too ardent a passion, not to sacrifice every present convenience, or even future happiness, in hopes of a future gratification of his love at some distant day.

Clara knew not how to estimate the behaviour of her mother. Could Mr. Meadville really intend her for his wife? Did her mother love him? Could he love her mother, were questions which she frequently asked herself in vain. At length the anxiety and distraction of her mind gave her no rest, and she resolved to communicate her thoughts to the worthy clergyman, to whom she looked up to with love and reverence, as a second father. To him, therefore, she imparted her thoughts of her mother and Meadville's intention of becoming united.—The old man raised his eyes from the floor, and taking both of Clara's hands in his, addressed her in these terms. "My dear child, it is long since I adopted it as a rule, never to be surprised at whatever might befall me, or happen to others, through this transitory stage of existence."—With this exordium he pro-

ceeded to animadvert with delicacy upon the frailties of her mother; but Clara could not restrain her tears, and the old man pressing her to his bosom, wept for some time in silence over her, without bringing his observations to a conclusion. At length having assumed some composure, he exhorted Clara to bring her mind to a state of resignation to the will of Providence; concluding by the observation, that as her past experience could have given her but little hope of ever deriving friendly intercourse, or affectionate endearments from her mother, so she should endeavour to find more fortitude in sustaining the shock of a separation. But," continued he, a marriage at her time of life is too solemn and important an event to be concluded hastily, without the expostulation, at least the advice of her friends. I will see her this evening, and do all that I think our long intimacy will warrant."

That evening he held a long discourse with the mother of Clara in his study. Clara observed the door close behind her mother and the venerable clergyman. She had just descended from her room, where a concentration of feelings, intense and deep, had wrung her heart once more to tears. She felt that she loved, and loved the man betrothed as the husband of her mother; and whose bosom she could never expect to touch by a mutual passion. Her eyes were still moistened by weeping, as she entered the little sitting room, in the dusk of the evening. She was about to take up a volume that lay upon the window, when she was startled by the figure of a man. It was Meadville himself. He approached her

politely, and gently taking her hand, led her to a sofa that stood in a recess of the parlour. He congratulated himself upon the good fortune of having a private interview with her, after having for six tedious months, vainly sought that happiness. He then proceeded to express his love for her, in terms at once fervent and respectful, while he kissed her hand repeatedly from an excess of passion, which Clara knew not how to oppose. She attempted to speak, but her agitation prevented her. Her bosom heaved, her heart palpitated, her tongue faltered. At length, with some effort she made out to draw her hand from his grasp, and utter the heart rending words, "Mr. Meadville—excuse me—the intended husband of my mother"—

"No, by heaven! no! cried Meadville passionately. She is deceived! You,—all are deceived.—I love you, you alone. To her I never spoke of love. Nay, believe it not.—On my soul! As I hope for heaven—you, you only do I love, adore."

Here he again seized her hand and covered it with burning kisses. Clara was too happy to resist his caresses. She felt a sudden flush of joy spread through her heart, and dilate every vein with pleasure. She spoke not—words were not ready on her tongue—her bliss was too great to be expressed—she felt above earthly happiness—her hand still remained in Meadville's—the time passed unheeded, while he continued to pour the honied accents of love into her ravished ear. Thus situated—her mother entered the room!—It was dark. The twinkling of a candle from an opposite house at some distance alone

threw a feeble gleam into the room. Clara perceived not her mother, till Meadville had started from her side, and accosted the intruder.—“Well, my dear Meadville, cried the widow, we have at length finished our tedious sermon—but—bless me! what have we here, Clara! child! Why how is this? And Mr. Meadville too!”—“Alas! madam, it is true, as you see! For the first time since my arrival, I have found occasion to avow the honourable and ardent passion which I feel for your lovely daughter. May I hope, you will add your friendly offices to my entreaties, that she will permit me to hope, I shall not despair of her favour.”

“Mr. Meadville, cried the widow—do you wish to drive me mad? False, perfidious, hateful man! Is this your sincerity! This your truth! This your love for me? But I will not bear it. Clara leave the room.” The meek and dove-like girl, arose at the word, and scarcely daring to look her way out, darted from the room, nor stopped till she had reached her own chamber.

“Madam! you are deceived! you are mistaken! you labour under some strong delusion cried Meadville. Do you think to terrify me into matrimony?”

“Yes, sir, I am deceived. You are the deceiver, Meadville what action have you omitted, to induce me to think you loved, and intended marriage?”

“Mere gallantry, upon my soul. But you cannot say I ever *spoke* to you of *Love*.”

“Not spoke of it—no—but your *actions*, Meadville—*actions*—she reiterated with fierce emotions. Are they nothing?”—

"Nothing now they are passed," cried the immovable lover.

"Then never, as I hope for heaven, shall you possess Clara," cried the mother with horrid emphasis.

"I now defy your power answered the imprudent lover. She loves me, and will not be restrained by a mother." "Will not! Meadville you forget yourself; you forget me. Think you she will listen to the passion of a man, who has dishonoured her mother! Villain! barbarous, cruel, deceitful, hateful man." Here she wept, wrung her hands, and at length falling into violent hystericks, swooned on the floor. Assistance was instantly procured; she was put to bed; a physician called in;—but it proved too late. The same night a fatal affection struck her brain, and she died on the third day, insensible of every thing, and unconscious of the filial piety and tenderness of her daughter, who wept and watched by her side, with unceasing solicitude, until her friends gently forced her from the breathless body.

Clara was shocked by the sudden visitation of death, on one whom she was accustomed daily to converse with, and share the offices of human weakness. The conduct of her mother had rendered it impossible for her to love her; but still she *felt* that she was her mother, and nature urged the tribute due to the name. The affliction even struck deeper to her heart, than if she had received from her mother all the soft and tender affections of those en-

dearing ties of consanguinity. She fancied a deficiency in her own heart ; she rebuked herself for imaginary violations of filial duty ; and often, in the bitterness of grief and nervous agitation, pictured herself as the cause of her mother's untimely death.— True, these were the visions of a depressed spirit ; and with the return of cheerfulness, which the elasticity of a youthful mind soon hastens, she regained her wonted tranquillity and self approbation.— Even then, however, she felt the sense of destitution weigh on her heart, and in the weeds of a solitary orphan, contemplated the evidence of her loss.

The venerable Dr. Barlow was not without some melancholy feelings upon the demise of the widow ; but he rather grieved for the *orphan* than the mother ; and felt more for the violence of temper that had caused her death, than he did for the catastrophe itself. He considered the exacerbation of passion that had produced such fatal consequences, as a reproach to human nature, to morality, and to religion. He would fain have blotted the stigma from the tablets of humanity.

Clara was wholly ignorant of all that had passed between Meadville and her mother. So also was the venerable clergyman. Nothing in the character or deportment of that gentleman, was observed to prejudice the most fastidious moralist against him.

Much, however, occurred upon the death of the mother, to rivet the ardent affection, which Clara had unconsciously conceived for Meadville. He appeared to share all her sorrows ; he bore her faint-

ing in his arms from the grave of her parent; and recalled her to existence, by the tender voice and soothing breathings of Love. Clara awoke to recollection in his arms; she sustained her delicate and shrinking frame on his support; and when the warm pressure of his hand shot a congenial warmth through her veins, she felt she was not alone, not desolate, not solitary in the world. It was the opening of a vision of paradise to a lost and despairing soul. She hailed it with rapture; she clung to it with the eagerness of recovered hope; she ceased to chide herself for the miserable fate of her wretched parent. She felt she loved and was beloved—all the rest was an indefinable and boundless expanse of delicious feeling, and bewildered fancy.

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling touch,

The least glance better understood than words,  
Which still said all, and ne'er could say too much;

It was unnecessary to make any alterations in the domestic economy of Clara. The venerable and worthy clergyman acted the part of a parent; and an old female domestic of her father's was placed to superintend the household. But our business draws us from such details to the progress of our story.

Meadville now became unremittingly assiduous in his attentions. Clara was young, inexperienced, and even a stranger to that imaginary world, which the modern novelist has opened to the understanding of the most recluse inmates of the nursery and the boarding-school. She had no duplicity, no affecta-

tion, no concealments, no arts. She loved, and a declaration of her love was as natural as to feel it.—Meadville felt secure of her heart; but he despaired of making her virtue a prey to her passion. This he did not attempt, although he desired it; but he felt the diabolical suggestion shrink into trembling fear, in the presence of her unsuspecting and entire affection. She confided in him too much, even for him, little as he was disposed to generosity, to deceive her. For once, his own feelings forced him to be virtuous, and he, for once obeyed their dictates.

Time flies unheeded on the magic wings of love. But even love itself at last wearies of unvaried pleasure, and longs for change. Clara's miniature portrait had been painted for her lover; and all the endearing interchanges of affection, had now passed between them. Their nuptials were approaching. Dr. Barlow's approbation was asked, and given with parental alacrity and tenderness. The eve of her marriage at length arrived. Mrs. Brownley's youngest daughter was to officiate on the part of Clara, at the wedding, and a friend of Meadville arrived from New York, to assist in the consummation of his happiness.

We believe few girls of eighteen, pass a dreamless night preceding their nuptials. Clara's marriage eve, was perturbed and restless, in despite of all her efforts to compose herself. Sleep fled from her pillow, and planted inquietude in the place of repose. She felt a nervous agitation unhinge her mind from every settled thought, and bewilder it in a chaos of confu-



sed perceptions. She occupied the room in which her mother a year before had expired. The room was shrouded in the sombre shadows of a moonlight night, when a cloudy atmosphere obscures an otherwise brilliant effusion of silver light. She thought of Meadville's first interview with her, a few days preceding the death of her parent. The figure of her mother was brought to her mind. She recalled all the circumstances of her death; she saw her in her coffin distinctly before her; she heard her indistinct muttering of agony; she saw the fixed glare of death glaring on her eye-balls. She knew it was fancy; yet horror crept with all its icy pangs through her agonized soul. She attempted to identify the familiar objects around her, but the spell of fancy would not yield to the voice of judgment. A deep and hollow moan, as if from the coffin of her mother, startled her. She determined to rise, and divert her mind by the sight of the landscape from the window; but her limbs refused to second her wishes. She strove to think of Meadville, and the felicity of years that seemed in store for her exclusive enjoyment. But the figure of her dying mother, would not give place to the fascinating image of the successful lover; and in this state of inquietude and terror she at length fell into broken and perturbed slumbers.—Clara's visions pictured no bliss to her bridal heart. The image of her mother still haunted her in her sleep. She dreamt that she gazed upon her corpse, till she charmed it from the coffin; and her mother arose as in life, in all the freshness of beauty. Her

winding sheet assumed the brilliant and flowing folds of a bridal garment studded with jewels. She spoke, and said, she was going to meet Meadville at the foot of the high hill, bidding Clara not follow her. But prompted by a jealous curiosity, she thought she stole after her at a distance, till suddenly her mother disappeared from her sight, and left her in bewildered astonishment. She was about to return, when the voice of a child, in plaintive accents, cried to her for help. She turned, and perceived an infant, from whose bosom a current of blood flowed, as if life was ebbing with the stream. Horror-struck, she ran towards it, but as she drew near, it gradually lost all semblance to the human form, presenting a shapeless mass, from which the eye turned with horror and disgust. The figure of a woman now issued from a hut, obscured amidst a cluster of trees, hobbling on crutches, and having gathered up what so recently had borne the image of a child, she hurried away, after casting a terrified glance at Clara; who was about to quit the place, to return home, when she felt her arm grasped rudely by one, whom on turning she perceived to be Meadville. A smile played upon his face, but his actions were hurried and impetuous. "Come, said he, let us return. This is no place for you. The habitation of the living is not with the dead," and grasping her round the waist, he was bearing her from the scene with superhuman rapidity, when the earth opened beneath them, and screaming with horror and affright, as she felt herself sinking, she awoke from the tortures of fancy, to a consciousness of realities.—Innocence is rarely

overwhelmed by imaginary terrors; but Clara felt what she had never before experienced, and she sought for relief and composure in prayer; which brought her to a degree of tranquillity, that once more allowed sleep to steep her senses in creative forgetfulness.—Thick visions still floated before her; but the fantastic drama of the night had passed away, and if her slumbers were not sweet, they were at least not terrifying.—If innocence like Clara's is doomed to pass such nights, what must be the horrors which haunt the pillows of the guilty!

The sun had glistened on the honey-suckle which fringed the casements of her chamber, before Clara escaped from the drowsy spell, that had inflicted tortures greater than any which human punishments could inflict. Her eye had lost some of its lustre, and her cheek all its rosy charms—but still she was lovely, and in my eyes more lovely, because more delicate. There is a beauty in the natural langour, and unaffected weakness of woman, that twines round the heart as if for support, and insinuates, what I would call the tendrils of affection, into the smallest crevices of the soul, till two natures seem to meet in one. Such too, was the impression which the languishing and frail appearance of Clara made upon Meadville, when he saluted her on his entrance, and imprinted a fervid kiss upon her extended hand. The reader of Romance might ask—did she not recoil from his touch? did she not tremble to behold him? did she not question him about her dream?" No—Clara was a child of nature, not a pupil of Romance. Incredulous as it may appear, she had never

even perused a Dream Book, those Sybilline Oracles of the sex of even this refined and enlightened age. And why? Simply because her education had been chiefly directed and formed by Dr. Barlow, and that her mother took too little concern in her child, even to impregnate her mind with the follies and weaknesses peculiar to herself and her sex.

In the bustle and heart-beatings of that day Clara, forgot all her *dream*, her mother, her destiny, every thing faded before the one image of bliss that beamed before her. Living only in Love, she felt as if born to an eternity of bliss—in such moments all is forgotten but Love—heaven, death, disease, and misery, all fly from the scene, and leave the imagination to revel in unalloyed ecstasy. Then Love seems the

“crowning act

Of all that was—or is—or is to be—

The only thing common to all mankind—

To which we tend, for which we're born”—

Let us now imagine the wedding to be past; and the bride and bridegroom, like all true lovers, seated in the happy bowers amidst the garden of the heart's Paradise.—Yet one part of this gay scene we cannot omit to describe, and that is the grief, the deep and parental sorrow, which wrung the heart of the venerable old clergyman, as he surrendered to another, the last tie of affection which bound him to earth.—The involuntary tear started to his eye, and rolled down his furrowed cheek. Age, affection, a life of misery, consecrated the sorrow; and its sincerity was

attested by the congenial moisture, that glistened in every eye that observed him.

Meadville, in order to cover his deceit, gave out that he had planned his future residence at New-York, so well calculated for the display and enjoyment of an affluent fortune; but at the earnest solicitation of Clara, he pretended to sacrifice this project to her comfort, and he agreed to remain in *Haverton*, only removing from the house of her mother, to a more spacious and fashionable edifice, not very remote from it. But nothing could induce Dr. Barlow to quit the humble roof that had so long sheltered him. Age when wedded to habit delights not in change.

A month soon rolled away on the noiseless wings of love.—Meadville was a man of pleasure, and a man of the world. He became restless at home, and began to talk of business requiring his presence in New-York.—One evening a letter was delivered to him, which he perused with deep thought, and immediately fixed his departure for the ensuing morning. It was unavoidable; it grieved him to leave Clara, but he must go.—Clara submitted—her's was not a selfish love; she was all confiding tenderness, and obedient passion.

We believe few women who doat upon young husbands, but feel a sensation of dreariness and desolation, upon their first absence from one another. Clara experienced this in the most intense degree of loneliness of heart.—It was not the dread of solitude, for the village of *Haverton* afforded company of a better kind, than the best of country towns general-

ly contain; and with her old paternal friend and preceptor Dr. Barlow, she was always sure of being as happy as a woman absent from her lover could be.—But Clara, instead of feeling a disposition to mingle in and cultivate society, was now more inclined to indulge in solitude than ever.—In the soul of this celestial woman, there was nothing which beat in sympathy with common minds. She seemed as if isolated in the midst of Creation. Her passions burnt with uncommon fervour; her imagination was brilliant and powerful; her taste delicate and refined, in some things even to fastidiousness; she had a lofty pride, a liberal intellect, but a shrinking sensibility. What a common mind was too obtuse to perceive, excited her's to intensity; and when once excited, it rolled on with a power irresistible, beautiful, grand! She had no vanity to be gratified by trifles; no pride to be soothed at the expense of others; no vengeance to be appeased for slight offences. She was all love, and all intelligence. A bland and sublime Intellect.

Let not the reader fancy I am drawing a being of Romance. Clara was such in reality, but as there is not in human nature, competent faculties to appreciate her character, incredulity will mock the image of greatness as the chimera of fancy. I will not strive to make her character credible to grovelling apprehensions.

Thus constituted, Clara, had she been acquainted with the world's great vices, would have been a dangerous woman, and perhaps a still more unfortunate one. But she was ignorant of mankind, and she was innocent. She knew not herself, as she was in all

her great reality; while an observer could see that towering intellect, in every movement of her soul, every action of her life.—Had Clara known the world, she would have felt still deeper misery, upon the departure of Meadville; but she already felt too much.

Solitary existence is the refuge of love absent from its object; it is pensive; it sighs unconsciously; it longs for the rapid flight of time, and is lost in the mist of endless reverie and melancholy communion with surrounding shadows. Clara often strayed into the woods, which skirted the rear of her mansion, or accompanied by her maid, a little orphan of her native village, wandered over the fragrant fields, traced the meanderings of a neighbouring brook, or beneath a rural arbour, which chance presented, attempt, to beguile the time by a favourite poet or a simple country air chanted by her humble follower.—Whilst indulging one afternoon in this solitary wandering, chance rather than design, brought her near the cemetery that contained the tomb of her mother. Upon finding where she was, she started unconsciously; and turning her eyes in the direction of the spot, beheld the figure of a poor and wretched woman, prostrated as if in the act of prayer, upon the grave of her mother. She entered the cemetery unobserved, and approached the person of the seeming penitent.

Meadville travelled with the rapidity of a man eager for his object; and soon found himself in the haunts of his former debaucheries. The reader will scarcely need to be told, that Meadville was a

thorough, and depraved villain, that he was without principles, feeling, honour, or shame. A daring, intrepid, and dauntless profligate, he took pleasure in crime, and gloried that he could commit it without a pang. He professed and boasted Vice as a brilliant career. But he was polite, rich, accomplished, respectable, and sufficiently discreet not to expose his villany to ears whom it might offend, and hearts whom it would estrange.

For once he had *loved*, and Clara was the unfortunate object. He had assumed the garb of virtue, or rather dissembled the hideous features of Vice, for a long time, under a potent spell; but the spell had broke, and Meadville was again a villain, restless and eager to plunge into fresh enormities. Like the caged Lion, when he eludes and breaks from his keepers, he now bounded fiercely at the impulse of his passions, trampling down every virtue that he encountered in his path.

Meadville despised the thought of keeping a *Miss*. He boasted *Victims*, and he could boast of too many. He scorned a *friend*, but he exulted in the number of his *Dupes*. He was a gamester, and a cheat, but he cheated to prove his power, not to amass money. He possessed courage, or rather daring; and under the character of wealth and respectability, he braved and trampled on the world, in spite of its virtue, its religion, and its laws. And why? He did not *seem* to violate them. *Gallantry* was looked on with a smiling eye, by the world, and his *Victims* brought him no disgrace. He never openly scoffed at Religion, but often contributed to



build a Church ; and if he sometimes deprived a fellow creature of existence, it was in an *honourable way* and the world and the laws acquitted him of the crime of Murder. Meadville was the *equal*, and the companion of Governors, Generals, Orators, Priests, and Statesman. Yet what crime had he not committed, which characterizes the outlaw and the Felon ! But he was rich, accomplished, polite, discreet, and respectable !

Meadville had suppressed the publication of his Marriage ; which being a private one, in a country town, and to a woman in humble life, was known to few or none in New York. He therefore was placed under no restraint by his conjugal ties, but gave full play to the impetuosity and ardour of a licentious heart, But we shall here draw a veil over his disgusting enormities, and return to the innocent victim of his accomplished arts.

As Clara approached the grave, the woman having concluded the penitential out-pouring of her heart, arose ; and turning to leave the place, started as she threw her wild and haggard glance, upon the beautiful intruder. Her appearance was that of premature decrepitude ; and though not more than five and thirty, you might have fancied sixty winters to have assaulted a constitution not originally strong ! Disease and melancholy seemed to have combined their forces to destroy her in vain.

"Oh God ! is it you Miss," cried the agonized woman, who trembled in every limb as she spoke. "Then you are safe, thanks be to God ! But your poor Mother Ah ! the villain was too sure of her ;

but curse on these hands, cried she, as she clenched them to her brain with agony, that helped him to his prey. But he swore love, and he always swore it to all he e'er betrayed—and yet did he ever love aught but himself!—Bless thy innocence, oh! may God bless thee, and keep thy virtue from the snares of the infernal Meadville.”

“Alas! the poor wretch raves, said Clara. Alice do you know this miserable creature?”

“Know me, answered the woman with a smile, expressive of mixed frenzy and anguish! No! no!—few know me. I am not to be known by innocence—but to destroy it.—I am like your mother was; a fallen woman, and by the same villain—but she is an angel to me; and but for me would still have been spotless. But I could do nothing good—the Fates had bound me in burning fetters of blood. I am the *slave* of Meadville. He has plunged me, soul and body in perdition. Yes, I am mad—mad with misery and guilt, but do not rave. I have the blood of a father, and the life of a child, my own child, upon my soul!—You start with horror! I feel the horror on my brain.—Think you not, I was a murderer, to break the heart of a father, a dear, loving, doating father, by my falling off! But my child! oh my child! think of a deed like that. I murdered it ere heaven blessed it with its beam of light!—Do I not hate Meadville, and yet I serve him; I go deeper and deeper in guilt to serve him? Why, think you?—You hate him too, for he murdered your mother, and I will tell you. I seek for vengeance—I serve him, to see him sink in the pit;—that I may behold

him howling in the gulf of ruin—then comes my hour of joy. Then we will go together, and the furies shall hurl him in their eternal fires. Lilly of the valley, why turn ye pale? 'Tis the breath of vice that withers ye!

“I said I was not what I seem'd;  
And now thou seest my words were true :  
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
If sooth—its truth must others rue.”

The words of the half-crazed woman had pierced to the soul of Clara ; she felt sick and faint at heart ; her brain became giddy, and at the conclusion of the verse just recited, when she heard the ominous words,

*“ I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,”*

they pierced her inmost soul, and she fell prostrate by the grave of her mother, before her astonished and petrified attendant had time, or presence of mind, to run to support her. Roused, however, by the danger of her lady, Alice flew to her assistance, while the wretched woman who had caused her to swoon, brought her palms full of water from a small rivulet hard by, and by the application of which, she soon recovered. She arose, and looked upon the woman who had been the cause of her sorrow, scarcely conscious of existence. Complete wretchedness and prostration of spirit, had deprived her of all her energies. But she made an effort to depart, and was slowly leaving the grave yard leaning on the

arm of Alice, when the voice of the wo-begone woman again startled her.

"You grieve long, Clara, for your mother! The dead are not wont to be so long remembered.—Youth and beauty look for love, and seldom think of sorrow. You are the sweet blossom. I am the withered stem. But if ye love Meadville, ye soon will wither!" She then wildly chanted the following stanza.

"And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me."

Farewell! Clara! I will pray upon your mother's grave that ye may be happy But if Meadville should court you, remember the words of Edith Jones,

"I have a tale thou hast not dream'd."—

Clara heard the words, as they were uttered in a low, but shrill and distinct voice by Edith; but she answered not, nor paused a moment in her departure. It was some minutes before she sufficiently recovered her self-possession, and regained a control over her thoughts and reflections, which had for the time been paralyzed by the blow. Her first command of reason was directed towards Edith. Could she be in her right mind; or was she a wandering maniac, who aspersed at random, whoever she happened for the moment to think of? Clara's judgment gave her no relief on this subject, for she could not but acknowledge that the woman was in her senses,

though her brain seemed somewhat excited by the sufferings she had undergone. Who was she?—Where did she reside? She must have the history of an eventful life stored in her bosom? The questions no sooner arose in her mind, than Clara resolved to procure a conversation with Edith.—“Alice, said she, pray return to the spot we just left, and bring Edith along with you to my chamber. I am strong enough to return alone—yet, stay; perhaps she may have gone, and you will not find her.”—“If she is not there, said Alice, I will go to her cottage by the side of the willow stream, and bring her to you.”

The answer of Alice startled Clara, and she enquired if she knew her? Alice, surprised at the question, intimated that every body knew *Edith Jones*, the strange woman of the *Willow Cottage*!—Clara recollected having heard her mother mention this cottage, and an involuntary shuddering passed through her frame. She resolved, however, to see *Edith*, and dispatched Alice immediately to request her attendance, while she returned home, and quickly sought seclusion in her own chamber. A distressing and horrid apathy of wo sat upon her heart, she knew not why; she could neither see distinctly the evil that she dreaded in the future, nor the calamity that had occurred in the past. The events in the Church-yard, formed a confused but melancholy picture, in which her husband was the most prominent figure. Meadville was all she saw in imagination;—all she dreaded, all she loved.—She drew forth his *miniature* from her bosom, as if to gaze upon and re-

call the distinct impression of his features the sweetest solace of absent love. He was drawn *smiling*, and the expression in her present agony of mind, displeased, and even tortured her. But she looked again, and would have pressed her lips with fervour to the inanimate effigy, but the smile that played round his mouth, and the glance of triumph that beamed in his eye, which in her fancy she thought scornful, caused her to pause; and sighing deeply and heavily, she exclaimed, "Oh Meadville! Meadville! why, why did you leave me!" But not a tear gushed forth to relieve the bursting grief of her bosom; all was heavy and chill, an awful and soul sickening grief hung round her heart, as if existence had concentrated the pangs of a hundred lives into an hour of woe in one breast.—Affliction had deprived her of all her energies, and she sat motionless, and without the power to move, a petrified statue of despair.

Alice at length returned, followed by *Edith*, the sight of whom aroused Clara to a consciousness of surrounding objects, and excited a re-action in her mind, which now beams suddenly as energetic, as it was before languid and inert. Scarcely had the miserable and abandoned *Edith* entered the chamber, when Clara, addressing her in a firm and dauntless manner, which caused the victim of Seduction to shrink back from the searching and indignant glance of her eye, demanded why she had calumniated her husband; and dared to associate the name of Meadville with vice and dishonour?—The astonished woman at the sound of the word *Husband*, literally coil-

ed herself up with inexpressible horror, and stood dumb with amazement and terror. At length recovering from the shock, she repeated with a shrill and fearful tone.—Meadville thy husband! Is it impossible! The villain could not ruin both. No this is some illusion! Meadville, the seducer, the murderer of your mother, your husband! Oh! gracious God! let me not hear the awful words again!”—

Woman! what mean you, answered Clara, in a faint and suffocating voice.—Explain yourself ay, what do you know of my mother?”

“You do not know, then?—No, you cannot, or never would you be the wife of Meadville! But why should I tell you—it will kill you—you cannot live, when you know all, and know yourself the wife of Meadville!”

“I can bear any thing, cried Clara in a still fainter voice! But, it may be false; it cannot be! You are some wicked imposter—Say, wretched woman, what and who are you.”

“The abandoned Mistress of Meadville! The victim to his arts. The slave to his passions; the pander of his lusts. My name is Edith Jones. I was the heiress to an earthly Paradise, but I left, and I murdered, both father and mother for a villain!”—

“And my Mother,” feebly articulated Clara!

“Was ruined by Meadville, in the Willow Cottage, partly through my connivance, and partly through her own folly and ambition. He had ruined me; he had enslaved me; I love him still;—I was glad to see him dupe others as he had deceived me. It convinced me of his power, of his charms; and

that I was not the only and the solitary fool, who could give up two worlds, for this consuming passion. But I have seen enough of his deeds, now, to satisfy me. I greived over the fate of your mother. I bore away her lifeless infant, on the night of her first attack, while you had withdrawn to repose.—Four months more would have given it to the world, the manly image of Meadville. But this was not to be, for he had resolved never to marry your mother. It was the hour of midnight, when I bore the infant away, and buried it beneath the willow that overshadows the black rock on the willow stream. It was a night of terrors to me.—I felt what I never felt before. The images of my father and my mother, flitted before me at every step, and my blood crept like ice through my veins. Conscience smote me with appalling terrors. I thought the earth shook beneath me. I dreaded to have another life to answer for, should your mother fail to recover. Her death was the stroke that wrought the resurrection of feeling in my heart. I would have brought her to life with my tears and my prayers.—Since that event I knew nothing; I inquired nothing. I have prayed on her grave; I have shunned all—but had I known of this—but *Meadville* never told me this—the villan knew I would have thwarted him! You are not married! It cannot be; he has deceived you! Say and swear by your God, you are not married!”

In this, however, Clara knew there was no deception, and the suggestion awoke no suspicion in her mind. She was about to repel the insinuation of



Edith, when a quick step was heard hastily approaching the chamber, and before any one could prepare for the intruder, Meadville himself appeared—but as he opened the door, he paused with surprise as he contemplated the group before him. “Edith! what mean ye! said he, with a smile of scorn, mingled with something of amazement but no fear! And Clara! my wife, my love!—what! no welcome, where a thousand, and a thousand were so often promised me!—Edith, said he, frowning with gathering passion, away, depart—but see—she faints, she swoons—my love—my wife—Clara look up; it is your husband, your Meadville who has returned.”—But she heard not the sounds that were rather calculated to kill than revive her.

Edith and Alice, however, by their assiduous efforts soon recovered her from her swoon; and being conveyed to bed in a state of weakness and mental agony, that threatened to snap the brittle cords of life—Edith watching a moment when she was unobserved, found occasion to escape from the first burst of passion, with which it was likely Meadville would overwhelm her, should he discover the whole extent of her treachery, and disclosures.

Clara was in a state of the most perilous distraction of mind, and she felt at her heart an icy heaviness that forboded the melancholy consequences of such a shock. Meadville attempted to approach and soothe her in vain. She repulsed him with shrieks of terror and distraction, and he was fain to deny himself her presence, lest in an exacerbation of mental agony, he should cause her death. The frame of Clara was delicate and fragile, even in her days

of robustious health, but now she had faded to the wasted form of the perishing lilly, that has been borne down by the mountain torrent.

Clara sent a message to her paternal friend, the venerable Clergyman, who in brighter days had been to her all, which the heart in its fullest wishes and brightest fancies of friendship, can desire. But it is meet, that we should account for the sudden re-appearance of Meadville, at Haverton.

We left the abandoned Meadville in the full prosecution of a vicious career in New York. An intrigue with the daughter of a man who kept a faro-bank, at length led him into a train of disasters, from which he found it imposible to extricate himself, without taking the life of the father, or utterly losing his own reputation. But Meadville with all his vices was not yet sunk so low as to become an assassin ; not that his virtue revolted from the crime, but his gentility shrunk from the degradation. To effect his purpose, therefore, he hired a gamester of equal rank to the father of the seduced girl, to insult and challenge him ; which being accepted by the deluded man, he was well convinced from the skill of his agent, in the use of the pistol, that his victim would be put out of the way. To pacify the daughter, however he agreed to think no more of his quarrel with the old man, and to give countenance to the pretended reconciliation, he left New-York in company with his mistress ; and placing her in a secure asylum for his own reputation, he determined to return to Clara, the only being whom he ever sincerely loved, and once more taste that unalloyed happiness which he always enjoyed in her presence. But the period

of retribution had arrived ; and he met terror and repulses, where he had anticipated all the tenderness of love, and the caresses of passionate virtue.

Meadville was mortified, wounded by the conduct of Clara. He did not for a moment doubt, but Edith had disclosed to her all his villany. Too firm to be driven to gusts of passion, and too callous to be rendered completely wretched, he felt rather an inconvenience than an acute sense of pain. His mind accustomed to fly from object to object ; for the transient gratification of passion, sought new subjects of pleasure and recreation. He determined to make another attempt to see Clara, and if she still repulsed him, to quit her forever and return to his new Mistress.—But Clara persisted in her resolution and Meadville instantly departed to join his perambour.—Could Meadville leave Clara without shedding one tear, without one sigh, one burst of love, one pang of deep and bitter remorse ?—He felt nothing of all this—he conceived he had done no wrong, then how could he feel remorse. He had loved, but he saw himself repulsed with scorn and detestation, and he loved no more. His heart was not made for tears—but to look with composure on the broken hearts, that withered equally under his smiles, and his frowns.

The venerable Dr. Barlow was soon at the bedside of the fast expiring Clara, and like a father poured the balm of friendship and sympathy into the bleeding wounds of the oppressed victim. The sensibilities of Clara however had been too rudely shaken, to permit a hope of her recovery. The feelings of

the good old man, too, appeared to have made a sensible impression upon his frail and sinking frame.—The story of Meadville's treachery, and her mother's guilt, struck him with inconceivable horror, and awoke him to realities, exceeding what he had ever permitted to pass through his imagination.

From that day, Clara never left her chamber, and in six weeks breathed out her afflicted soul upon the bosom of her friend and parent, the venerable Dr. Barlow, whose strength scarcely permitted him to catch her last sigh, as he pressed her lips to his for the last time ! He attended her to her grave, next to that of her mother ; and in three weeks after, he was also interred by the side of his beloved Clara, another victim to the profligate career of the iron-hearted Meadville.

"Did not divine justice overtake that wretch in his career ; did not retribution at last crush the seducer, and stay his course ?" Alas ! no. He pursued his career, with uninterrupted success, and continued free from both disease and misfortune to the period of his death. But his death was horrible, and at least argued some paroxysms of mental agony, proportioned to the desperation, that at last urged him to apply a pistol to his temples, and cut off that existence, which his callous heart had doubtless made oppressive burthen to him. In the full glow of life and in the possession of an ample fortune, *Mr.* sought refuge from his own vices in the only the tomb.

THE END.







